

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.

(See Article Page 4.)



OUR GLORIOUS CALLING.

By LIEUT. E. M. MERCEUR, St. John's 11, Nfld.

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—Heb. iii. 1.

I fancy I can see Paul, that grand hero of the New Testament, writing to the Hebrews: "Wherefore, holy brethren," they are not strangers to him; he knows them; they are his brethren, born of the Holy Ghost. He knows how they wrestled, fought, and conquered, yea, they were conquerors through the blood of the everlasting covenant; he knows that they have been tempted, and the devil with his fine speeches has often tempted them to go back to the temple and take part in the pagan ceremonies, as they did before they knew the power of God unto salvation.

Just as the devil tempts Salvationists, or those who would be Salvationists, at the present day. He sends the racehorse of trial after them, and then he says: "You would have been so happy if you had not been Salvationists; you would never have had these trials, you would never have had to stand derision. You had better go back again."

Paul wanted to point out to the Hebrews the way of perfect rest from labor and sin. First he calls them "holy brethren," and then he goes on to say "partakers of the heavenly calling." He knows this will thrill their hearts, and flammate their faces with a radiance of glory, to think that they are partakers of the heavenly calling. Among the number who would hear the words of his letter would be men of nearly all kinds of social standing; some would be there who perhaps had very little home comforts, many who surely knew what it was to be screened from the hot rays of the Eastern sun. Surely these words would cheer them—poor, humble, and mean though their homes may be to know that they are partakers of the heavenly calling. Some among the number would be better circumstanced, yet, like Moses, they "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Some among the number, perhaps, were "born by slowly rolling years," others were in youth's bright glowing day; the sun had only risen upon them. Ah! how it must have made the heart of the grey-headed leap for joy to read that glorious sentence, and how the youth must have rejoiced at the same glorious thought.

Probably among the company there was some widowed mother, bereft of her loved ones, stripped of the flowers of her home. As she looks back it brings a flood of tears, but when she looks forward she realizes with joy unspeakable a "partaker of the heavenly calling" will mean a union with loved ones in like gloryland hereafter. Next, perhaps, are boys and girls bereft of parents; all alike they are glad to be "partakers of the heavenly calling." I fear that lots of people in the world to-day have undervalued their calling, and therefore have forfeited the pleasure which follows obedience. There are a great many called, but how few obey. Like Gideon, they really want to put God to the test, they really want to wring the dew out of the fleece before they are willing to surrender and give up all. Oh! that God would give us more Abrahams, who would rise up early in the morning, go to the place appointed and offer up their sacrifices.

(To be continued.)

QUENCH THE FIRE!

They say that Nero—one of the most cruel Emperors that ever lived—fiddled while Rome was burning. If this is true, it was an infernal piece of heartlessness. But, after all, can such conduct be said to be very many degrees worse than is that of the men and women who are expending their strength in gathering gold, satisfying curiosity, slipping pleasure, studying science, or anything else for mere gratification, when they ought to be consecrating their power to the work of extinguishing the flame of this mighty conflagration of misery that is burning all around them?—The General.

A THREE-FOLD ENEMY. K

By J. H. MERRETT.

II.—THE FLESH.

SECOND only in order to the world is this mighty foe of the Christian soldier—the Flesh. While not admitting the oft-repeated expression, "The worst devil I ever saw was when I looked in the looking-glass," yet it is an undeniable fact that the Flesh is a most energetic and most successful ally of both the world and the Devil.

One of the most dangerous features of the warfare against the Flesh has been that Christians have not, as a rule, a very extensive knowledge of its character, nor a very decided belief in its true enmity. So often does the Flesh parade in a guise of friendship, and so self-gratifying are its wishes, that the Christian is thereby thrown off his guard, and allured to defeat and ruin. It is essential, therefore, that all should have a clear conception of the nature of this enemy, in order to cope with and overcome him.

What is Meant by the Flesh?

The Flesh, or, in other words, a human being, as Divinely created, may be described as a "trinity in unity." God gave the mind as a throne for thought and reason; the heart, as a seat for affection and emotion; and the body, as a kingdom of strength, desire, action, and indulgence. Originally, therefore, none of these can be called sinful, heinous, as we have said, the work of God's own hand. Neither is there destruction necessary in the interests of the soul, but it is simply required that they should be subdued and brought into subjection. "The Flesh is a good servant, but a poor master." Is the embodiment of a carnal truth, and gives in a nutshell the reason of the warfare which a Christian soldier has to wage against this trine member of the three-fold enemy.

The Head.

The mind—as the seat of reason and thought—may be described as the "head of the house." That it was so intended by the Divine Creator is evident from the fact that He placed it in the head of the human body. To the mind must come all the suggestions and proposals from without, in the mind must be conceived all the plans and purposes from within, and through the mind must be conveyed all promptings to desire and decisions to act by the body. The one great purpose of the Christian soldier, then, in respect to the mind, must be to have it brought into subjection to the mind of Christ—that it may think as He would think, and rule and control its household in accordance with the laws and commandments of God, its Creator. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." And he renewed in the spirit of your mind; that ye put on the new man, which after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.

The Heart.

The heart—as the seat of affection and emotion—requires special attention. "For out of it are the issues of life." The human heart is one of the most wonderful of God's works. It has the power to love or hate, to rule or serve, to choose or refuse, to command or obey. It is capable of honesty or dishonesty, of joy or sorrow, of loyalty or treachery, of truth or deception, of purity or impurity. With the heart men believe, and with the heart men disbelieve. In the heart there may dwell either anger or pleasure, humility or pride, peace or passion, and a host of other things,

either good or evil, and the object of the Christian must be to have created in him "a heart in every thought, in every word, in every deed." Then will he love the things that God loves, and hate only the things that God hates. He will choose the good and refuse the evil. His joy will be to do the right, and his greatest sorrow will be the sin of himself and others. He will be honest in all his dealings, truthful in his statements, pure in his motives and ambitions, and humble in his attitude toward God and man. He will be loyal to God and the right, and never betray his trust, in principle or practice. Well might the Psalmist exclaim, "Create within me a clean heart," and so should every Christian pray for "God to trieth the reins and the heart." "Men judge from the outward appearance, but God judgeth the heart." "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," therefore, let us "sanctify the Lord in our hearts," that He may fill us with His promise "that in blessing He will bless us, and in multiplying He will multiply us."

The House Beautiful.

The body—as the kingdom of strength, desire, action, and indulgence—may be looked upon as a machine, or tool, in the hands of the mind and heart, as it is in itself incapable of action, and must be directed and controlled by them. However, the body is a very important factor, and cannot be too well understood, nor too carefully guarded. Of all things that require watching, none are more dangerous than a tool—whether it be in the hands of a mechanic, a politician, a sharper, or any other person who wishes to use it. So is the case with the human body. The eyes can see the things that are clean things around and within them, or it can covet the things that are base and low. The ears can hear the songs of the birds, the laughter of the children, the voice of wisdom, or the call to duty, and rejoice at the one and obey the other, or it can fill the mind and corrupt the heart with all sorts of filthiness and uncleanness. The tongue can speak forth the praises of God, and the truth about men, or it can be used to blaspheme His name, to lie against His people, and to curse His creatures. The hands can be taught to labor and toil for the good of man and beast, or they can be used to injure and destroy. Through the feelings men are often crushed to the earth in their efforts, by discouragement and failure, or aroused to anger and bloodshed by insult or injury. Through the appetite evil habits are formed, and in their gratification "men spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which will not satisfy."

So all parts and organs of the body, as parts of the masterpiece of God's creation, are not sinful, but are intended to be controlled and governed by the ordinances of God. The purer the man or woman is the more perfect will be the development of all the organs of the body, and as a consequence, the healthier will be their action. Yet God never did, and never will countenance an impure act; but, in the case of David, so in every case, will He forgive the one who transgresses the just requirements of His or her deities. All down through the ages the sin of adultery has been the curse of the nation and the individual, bringing upon them the fiercest anger and just indignation of God, and so it will be to the end, for they will be found at last outside the gates of heaven, among the sorcerers, drunkards, murderers, and liars.

We might go on to specify the many other members of the human body, and the part they play in the great struggle of the soul, but space will not permit.

If we would be conquerors, we must "keep our bodies under subjection," "walking not after the flesh, but after the spirit," knowing that "our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost," and that if we would be among the "overcomers" who at last hear the "well done" of the Master, and "enter into the joy of the Lord," we must not only renounce the power and vanities of this "wicked" world, but must crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, and know how to possess our vessels in sanctification and honor.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

III.—THE GERMANS. CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The next thing Sigismund did was to go all the way to Perpignan on the Pyrenees, to force one of our ancestors to resign, and though he failed to do this, he persuaded the Spanish kings to withdraw their support, and promise to own any Pope whom the Council might elect, murdering the same promise from the French by going to Paris, and then he visited England, spent St. George's day at Windsor with Henry V., and was made a Knight of the Garter, and persuaded not only the four hundred Englishmen to go to the Council at Constance.

Not much had been done there except the burning of Jerome of Prague; but when the King returned, and Cardinal Beaufort arrived, the Germans, who had tried hard to get the worst abuses reformed before a new Pope was chosen, gave way, and Martin IV. was elected. He rushed up matters by giving to each nation for a time what they most needed for, but started off any real reformation.

But Huss' death had caused a terrible uproar in Bohemia, headed by a noble called John Ziska. He marched through Prague, storming the Council chamber, and murdering the clergy. King Wenzel was dreadfully excited at the sounds, and one of his servants saying that he had known for the last three days that there would be an outbreak, he jumped up, caught the man by the hair, and would have killed him; but being withheld by the bystanders, fell into a fit, and died in 1419. Ziska, with a banner, bearing the Chalice, marched through Bohemia, at the head of an army of all ranks, sexes, and ages, committing horrid ravages, though they called themselves God's people. When a battle was fought, he bade the women take off their veils and mantles, and march on their knees, and ground to entangle the feet of the horses of their enemies. Though he soon lost his sight, he was a great captain, using a terrible iron mace, which he used all before him, and he defeated both Sigismund and the Duke of Austria.

He died in the Plague in 1424, but Procop only was almost equally successful, and when, in 1431, the Council of Basle met to confirm the decrees of Constance, peace was made with the Hussites, or Calixtines, as they termed themselves in honor of the Chalice, and they were allowed to have the Holy Eucharist in both kinds, freedom of preaching, and to keep the property of which they had robbed the priests.

After this, Sigismund was owned as King of Bohemia, and with his second queen, a wicked woman named Barbara, who was crowned at Prague. They had only one daughter, named Elizabeth, and Sigismund had given the electoral county of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, Burggraf of Nuremberg. The kingdom of Bohemia, Hungary, and the Empire he wished to leave to his daughter's husband, Albrecht, Duke of Austria; but Barbara was scheming to keep them nearer, and marry Lauscha, King of Poland, though he was twenty-three and she sixty, and so she pretended to be a great friend of the Hussites, so as to get their support, though she really believed in nothing.

Sigismund thought he last illness was owing to poison that she had given him, and ordered her to be arrested. He called the barons of Hungary and Bohemia to his death-bed, and named his son-in-law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, as his successor in these kingdoms. He died in Moravia, in his seventieth year, on the 9th of September, 1438.

WANTED

A SOLDIER.

By B.

(Continued.)

We Must be Out-and-Out.

(a) In dress. Always wear regimentals of a soldier of Christ. The uniform of the S. Army has been, and is, one of the greatest barriers against worldliness. Let us have more of it.

(b) In motive. Not the sake of obtaining the blessings of a section of the flag of Calvary, out serving as a soldier in colors.

(c) In actions. Our deeds must out our words. What men more influence than what they say. (d) In companionships. Friendships conflict with our service. Christ, then sever them. What a lot of people try a promise with the Lord. Try something like the negro, who tempted to steal a costly shoe, felt the warning of conscience, yet his heart barked at him, and to compromise matters, cheaper pair. This is what he tried to do, but it would not do. He hid his feeble light under a bushel, and fruitfully sought to keep in the devil's way. To be a soldier must come right out.

Secondly, Our Lesson Form Great Contrasts.

Obadiah's, the member of heartedness.

Eljah's, the soldier's, who outdances.

Obadiah's was a selfish man, he thought only of himself. Eljah was a man of God-blessed-me-and-myself. He was afraid of losing his self-interest at the bottom of cold-hearted service. How of question of "Does it pay?" does the stand many take.

He was afraid of his reputation. To have stood by his principle, have meant losing the favoring hand of God, and though he not actually take part in the action and murder of the prophet, he was a profligate as others never made any effort to render terrible state of things exist. He was afraid of losing his position. To be a soldier meant ruin and possibly endangering his life. He was always a victim to the circumstances. While trying

LIVINGSTONE, Montana, is one of the many beautiful little cities of the Pacific Province, and is situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is a place of 3,500 inhabitants, and its altitude is 4,492 feet above sea-level. As the air is light and dry, it is a healthy place to live in.

The city is surrounded by splendid ranching country. Many precious minerals are found in the mountains, and the country is fast coming to the front as a mining district. There is also an abundance of coal and wood here. The Northern Pacific Railroad has large shops here, and the company's Park branch line leaves here for the main line for the Yellowstone National Park, the wonderland of America, which is only 61 miles distant.

The Salvation Army opened fire on this place about five years ago, when a good work was done for God in the saving of souls. Among the notable converts of this enterprise was a gambler, a drunkard, a thief, as well as others, who, standing firm, testifying to God, as well as saving power.

The present officers, Captain and Lieut. Owen, have endeavored

WANTED---FIGHTERS!

A SOLDIER v. A MEMBER.

By BRIGADIER PICKERING.

(Continued.)

We Must Be Out-and-Out.

(a) In dress. Always wear the regiments of a soldier of Jesus Christ. The uniform of the Salvation Army has been, and is, one of the greatest bulwarks against worldly attire. Let us have more of it.

(b) In motive. Not the selfish desire to obtain the blessings and protection of the flag of Calvary, without serving as a soldier 'neath its colors.

(c) In actions. Our deeds must bear out our words. What men do has more influence than what they say.

(d) In companionships. If our friendships conflict with our stand for Christ, then sever them. What a lot of people try and compromise with the Lord. They act something like the negro, who, when tempted to steal a costly pair of shoes, felt the warning of conscience, yet his heart hankered after them and to compromise matters, took a cheaper pair. This is what Obadiah tried to do, but it would not work; he hid his feeble light under a bushel and fruitlessly sought to serve God in the devil's way. To be a soldier, we must come right out.

Secondly, Our Lesson Forms Two Great Contrasts.

Obadiah's, the member's, half-heartedness.

Elijah's, the soldier's, whole-heartedness.

Obadiah's was a selfish religion; he thought only of himself. It was a sort of God-bless-me-and-my-wife idea.

He was afraid of losing his position. Self-interest was at the bottom of his cold-hearted service. How often the question of "Does it pay?" determines the stand many take.

He was afraid of his reputation. To have stood by his principles would have meant losing the favor of the king and queen, and though he did not actually take part in the prosecution and murder of the prophets, nor was he a promiscuous as others, yet he never made any effort to remedy the terrible state of things existing.

He was afraid of losing his life. To be a soldier meant running risks, and possibly endangering his safety. He was always a victim to the bogey of circumstances. While trying to be

a Salvationist, he kept up a connection with the enemies of God and righteousness, hence the cause of his weakness, cowardice, and half-heartedness.

Elijah, the soldier, on the other hand, thought only of God's glory and honor. He did not consider his own gain, reputation, or safety, but put the interests of the Kingdom first. He knew Ahab's power and Jezebel's hatred, yet unhesitatingly he obeyed the call, alone raises the standard of purity and truth, boldly faces the king and nation, and demands that no longer shall they oscillate between God and Baal, but that a plebiscite should be taken. He arraigns them at the bar of their own consciences.

"Call all Israel to Carmel!" demands the soldier-prophet; and though quivering with rage and hatred, Ahab knew he must obey. What a splendid illustration of the royalty of righteousness! Just as the ocean rock, immovable as the mighty mountain upon whose slopes the great scene was enacted, stands God's great soldier. True, from all human appearances, tremendous odds were against him—

But God was With Him.

The hand of faith unlocks heaven's treasure-house, trophies of flaming fire fell, and with one mighty shout of repentance the thousands fell on their faces and cried, "The Lord, He is God!" His whole-hearted service was rewarded.

A young man, clerk in a dry-goods store, knelt at the Army postulant form and got gloriously saved. "What about the business lies?" whispered the devil. "Had you not better keep quiet about getting saved?" Next morning his test came. A lady wanted a certain article. "Will it wash and keep its color?" she queried. Formerly he would have said "Yes," anxiously, but now he couldn't. "No, madam," he replied, "but we can supply you with a better article that will." But she would not pay the price, and left the store. His employer, a member of a Christian church, watched the scene, and on the lady leaving demanded of his clerk why he allowed her to leave without purchasing. The young man explained; but the enraged employer retorted that was all very well, but would not do in a store, and dismissed the clerk on the spot.

The young convert sought counsel of the Sergeant who had led him out.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

LIVINGSTON, Montana, is one of the many beautiful little cities of the Pacific Province, and is situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is a place of 3,600 inhabitants, and its altitude is 4,492 feet feet above sea-level. As the air is light and dry, it is a healthy place to live in.

The city is surrounded by splendid ranching country. Many precious minerals are found in the mountains, and the country is fast coming to the front as a mining district. There is also an abundance of coal and wood here. The Northern Pacific Railroad has large shops here, and this company's Park branch line leaves here the main line for the Yellowstone National Park, one wonderland of America, which is only 61 miles distant.

The Salvation Army opened fire on this place about five years ago, when a good work was done for God in the saving of souls. Among the notable converts of this corps was a gambler, a drunkard, and an infidel, as well as others, who are still standing firm, testifying to God's keeping, as well as saving power.

The present officers, Capt. Quant and Lieut. Owen, have endeared them-

selves to the hearts of many, and by their untiring zeal and energy, and their good and godly lives, have done much to build up and strengthen the Corps. Backsliders have been reclaimed, and a goodly number of sin-

"Cheer up. God will send you another situation," said the veteran.

A few hours later the Sergeant was accosted by another merchant.

"I say, Smith, can you find me a young man who can speak the truth and mind his own business?"

The young clerk was brought, the difficulty explained, and he was immediately engaged at double the salary he previously had. Whole-heartedness brings its own reward.

Third—There was the Difference in Influence.

Obadiah was tolerated, but treated with indifference, finding neither favor with those amongst whom he dwelt, nor with the faithful remnant who had not "howled their knee unto Baal." He mingled at the same court, tacitly agreeing with their sins, never vindicating the honor of the God he professed to serve.

Elijah was hated, but feared and respected. Ahab recognized in Elijah a dauntless warrior, and God's representative. The world scorns a coward, but respects a brave man, though he may be an enemy to its actions and life. A soldier is ever triumphant, and though in the minority, the greatest in power and influence.

Look at our beloved General—the Elijah of the 19th century. In spite of sinners, misrepresentation and opposition, he stands out before the world, lifts the standard of righteousness, and by the same power as Elijah of old, compels the world to listen, and tens of thousands of the worst have, in sincere repentance, confessed, "The Lord, He is God."

Fourth—The Difference in Occupation.

Obadiah was sent looking for food for donkeys, or, in other words, was the mere tool of the sinners amongst whom he mingled. God could not trust him with the great mission. A "member" now-a-days often becomes the tool of scandal-mongers and gossip, who are all the time looking for food (scandal) for donkeys—excusing the worldliness of the associations, winking at wrong, occasionally making a spurt, but nothing permanent. He is ever acting on the defensive, very weak, but never fighting sin.

Elijah was God's great wonder-worker. He led the forlorn hope, so to speak, of God's army, and at one blow destroyed the forces of Baal, winning a glorious victory. Righteousness was re-established, the blue banner of purity, with its star of fire, waved again triumphant, and the hearts of the people were turned back to God.

Fifth—The Different Results.

Obadiah was never mentioned again; he sinks into oblivion.

Elijah was honored on earth and went to heaven in a chariot of fire.

Their characters live to-day—Elijah stands out as the great warrior and the conqueror of the age in which he lived. So mighty was the impression he made that a thousand years after they said of John the Baptist, "It is Elias."

The great example has come to us, proving the mighty possibilities to all who are out-and-out, fully consecrated, who will bear all, dare all, in fighting in the front rank of God's great Army. Obadiah is only remembered as a weakling, possessing neither power with God or man.

Are You a Soldier or a Member?

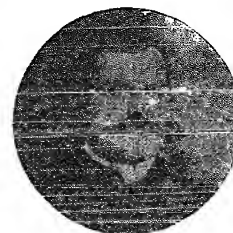
Fighters are wanted. The forces of evil are gathering for the strife. There is no time for delay, indifference, or cowardice. Sink every selfish consideration, put on the whole armor, gird on the sword, and take your stand amongst the warriors.

The most coveted reward to a British soldier is the Victoria Cross, and the soldier whose bravery and daring wins this distinction, be he a general, colonel, or private, is always honored on making his appearance by the guard turning out and presenting arms in deference to the devotion of the wearer.

Who will respond to the call to arms, place every faculty of mind, fibre of being, and energy of soul at the disposal of our great King—a soldier on earth? You shall then reign a conqueror in the skies.

WITH AN EYE TO G.B.M. BUSINESS.

Bro. Meron, our G.B.M. agent at Fernie, is a "Hustler," and don't you forget it! He has set his box-holders all in a rush by telling them of the beautiful parlor lamp that is going to be given to the highest box-holder. There will be a general skirmish in G. B. M. circles for the next 15 days, as Ensign Andrews is coming to see who gets it.



Bro. Meron, Fernie, B.C.

This shows how much interest Bro. Meron is taking in his work. He has only been in the work about three months, and great credit is due him for the magnificent way in which he has taken it up. Ensign Andrews must count himself lucky to have such an one to help shoulder his burden. Bro. Meron not only carries his G. B. M. agency, but last Sunday he was commissioned to carry the colors and lead us on to victory in the open-air, and all this, let it be understood, is done to the honor and glory of his God.

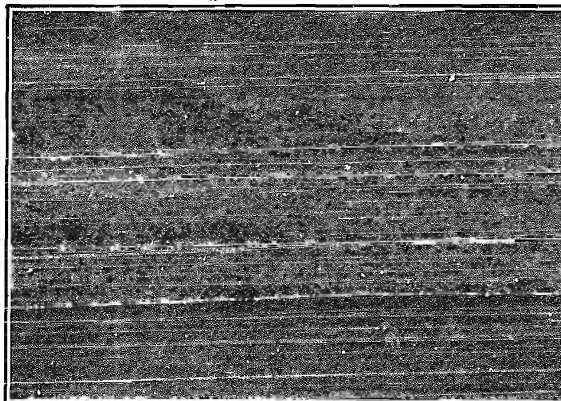
We often enjoy his solo singing, and by his bright testimony and daff walk he seeks to warn others of the danger in not accepting Christ as their Saviour.

What was said of Fernie's G. B. M. record last quarter? Why, that we held the medal. Bro. Meron will see that no one snatches it away from us. May God bless him and his boxholders.

W. H. Rowlands, Lieut.

MORE HEART.

The cold-bloodedness and heartlessness of a great deal of so-called Christianity has operated more against success than all other opposing forces put together. People who think our religion is a trade, or form, or an outside thing, turn from us with contempt. If we want to win the world to God, we must have something more tender, more human, more Christ-like. We want more heart.—The General.



The Road to Ruin.

(To our Frontispiece.)

A considerable stir was caused recently, by the appearance of a striking individual in the streets of our cities. It was a middle-aged man, or better, the remains of one, whom drink had marked as its prey on the bleared eye, the puffed cheek, the bent form, and the unstably step. His garments were ragged and filthy. Over his chest and back he wore a small board, with the inscription: "The Road to Ruin." Nearly everybody who passed him on the street turned to take a second glance at the wreck of humanity, whose appearance so tellingly announced that he was an old traveler on the Road to Ruin. Some smiled, some looked thoughtful, while the more cynical inclined made coarse jokes about the unfortunate fellow, who was used by the shrewd agent of a theatrical company to announce the play entitled "The Road to Ruin."

When the writer saw this man it was in passing a saloon, and the singular combination of circumstances struck him. There was the plate glass-fronted saloon, with its large mirrors and elegant furnishings; here was the man who had found, through that saloon, the entrance to the Road to Ruin, and was now nearing its fatal end.

The Road to Ruin is not called so at its beginning; it is known then as the Avenue of Pleasure, Society Street, or the Way of Harmless Enjoyment, or even as the Liberty Road. When the heart is young, the pulses beat warm and quick, and life's rosy illusions are strongest and the pleasures of the world are most enticing. "Young people must enjoy themselves," they say, "or they will never be able to do it when they have grown old." And much is excused.

"A young man will sow his wild oats," another says, but forgets that the wild oats will, for years, perhaps for ever, spoil his field for a harvest of good thoughts, kind words, and honest deeds. "I don't believe in curtailing a man's personal liberty," again one urges as an argument against the restriction of any evil agency, especially against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and so they enter in in ones, and twos, and in crowds. So they drink and joke and sing. The hour of quitting the workshop, the desk, or the store, seems to come too slowly. Then off they rush to the treadmill of their round of pleasures, the saloon, the theatre, the gambling den, the club, the dance, on, on, on, along the fascinating road of pleasure until some day there comes the fearful awakening, and they recognize that they are on the Road to Ruin. But there is no easy escape. The desires of drink, lust, greed, and debauchery whip their victims back to travel faster along that fearful road. Gone are its charms and delusions, and daily its fearful meaning becomes more apparent, and the end thereof is hell.

Sinner, you may have gone far on this fearful road; you may, perhaps, have sought to retrace your steps, to find yourself reluctantly pushed forward; you may have already seen the lurid reflection of the flames of perdition ahead of you, but—listen—there is yet a Hand outstretched, which, if you implore its aid, will snatch you as a brand from the burning, and save you in the eleventh hour. Don't delay, therefore, to seek the Lord while He may be found.

Soldiers, the Siege means that you must stand in the way between the travelers on the Road to Ruin and its fearful end. You must cry out aloud, and spare not, to all who travel there, "Oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?" You must attract, by any and every means, the attention of the heedless and divert it towards Calvary's Victim, to let them feel that the wounds of Christ are open now for the remission of their sins.

The Siege is on! To your posts, every warrior, to save the lost and to win them for the Kingdom.

THE WAR CRY.



Canadian Cuttings.

The Winnipeg City Council decided, by a majority of one, to accept Mr. Carnegie's \$75,000 library offer. A motion in favor of Sunday street cars was defeated by a similar majority.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick was sworn in as Minister of Justice at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

During the past year 317 persons were killed on the Canadian railways. Of this number, 16 were passengers and 118 employees.

A Hamilton bar-tender was fined \$50 for selling cigarettes to juveniles.

Hon. David Mills was sworn in as a Judge of the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice Tanshoreau.

The Governor-General has cabled, on behalf of the Cabinet, an expression of sincere regret at the death of Lord Dufferin.

Dominion Agent Speers, who has just returned from the Western States, says 50,000 United States farmers and families will settle in western Canada this year.

The Dominion Government is making an agreement with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company that will, it is hoped, prove a great advantage to Canada.

Two men were killed, and two seriously injured, by a boiler explosion in McLeod's pump shop, at Portage la Prairie.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company wants Brantford to pay \$68,000 towards the cost of bringing the main line through that city.

American Paragraphs.

A brother of Malvar, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has been captured. He was chief surgeon of the Batangas insurgents. A strong insurgent post has been captured near Calamba, Laguna Province. A number of rifles, bolos, and six typewriting machines fell into the hands of the Americans. It is believed that this post formed Malvar's headquarters.

Prince Henry sailed from Bremerhaven for New York on the Kron Prinz Wilhelm.

Three thousand western horses, known as "cayuses," gathered from the ranges of the inter-mountain States, are to be shipped to South Africa for the use of the British army.

A very severe storm is interfering with railway traffic in New York and the New England States. The storm is moving towards the Maritime Provinces.

British Briefs.

More wreckage of the sloop-of-war Condor has been found, and it is now regarded as certain that she foundered off Vancouver Island.

Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of London in a gold casket.

A practical alliance between Great Britain and Japan, for the "preservation of China and Korea, has been formed and concluded.

The Admiralty's naval estimates for 1903-3 show a total of \$166,275,000, as compared with \$154,735,000 last year. There will be under construction April 1st this year a total of 63 new vessels.

The British army estimates show a grand total, for the year 1902-3, of \$29,300,000, which is intended to provide for 420,000 men, of which 219,700 men are for the ordinary army service and 200,300 for war service.

A Welsh delegation will ask Mr. Chamberlain to-day to provide transport for the Welsh colony from Palagonia to Canada.

Dean Farrar sustained a bad scalp wound by a fall in Canterbury Cathedral.

There is a rumor that an Irish revolutionary committee has been started in Paris by an Irish-American, who has just returned from South Africa, for the purpose of aiding the Irish cause by a reign of dynamite and terror.

The C.P.R. has purchased a site for their new car and engine shops at Montreal for about \$400,000.

South African News.

General Beyers recently penetrated the concentration camp at Pietersburg and took away a large number of surrendered burghers. Pietersburg is the terminus of the railway running northward from Pretoria, from which it is distant 177 miles. Beyers also attacked the Pietersburg garrison, but was repulsed.

A sixth wing of the burgher corps, known as the National Scouts, has been offered to fight for the British. Many burghers are clamorous to join, and 300 enlisted in the course of a week.

A party from the South African Coast-stationary line, on the Waterval River, encountered, Feb. 10th, a superior force of the enemy, near Vanderkloof, and was driven back, with loss.

A body of 150 mounted infantry, led into a Boer trap, lost twelve killed, some officers and forty men wounded, before falling back to a buikhoeven.

It was announced the other day that 200 Boer prisoners, at the Bermudas, had offered to fight for the British. A similar offer has been made to the military authorities by Commandant Lane, on behalf of himself and his commando, now prisoners at St. Helena.

A Cape Town despatch reports that, after an interval of over two years, the limited weekly mail train service for the north has been resumed.

International Items.

A detachment of cavalry had to be requisitioned in order to disperse the Socialists, who made a demonstration in favor of universal suffrage at Brussels.

The Viceroy of India telegraphs that the famine outlook is very serious. No rain has fallen, and the plague of rats in Gujerat, Rajpootana, and Central India is assisting in the destruction of the crops.

Santos-Dumont's balloon collapsed at sea, off Monaco. The aeronaut was rescued unharmed.

The riots at Trieste are the gravest which have happened in Austria in many years. The original strike is supposed to be an outcome of Socialist or Anarchist agitation. During Friday's riot twelve persons were killed and twenty-five wounded, while on Sunday four persons met their death.

The strikers at Trieste have resumed work, their demands having been conceded.

Volcano and Earthquake.

Two thousand persons, mostly women and children, perished as a result of the earthquake last week, and about 4,000 houses were destroyed. Thirty-four villages of the country surrounding Suamaka, Transcaucasia, also suffered.

To add to the terrors of the neighborhood, a volcano, near the village of Mersey, to the eastward of Suamaka, has broken out into active eruption. A great crevice has appeared, whence immense flames and streams of lava are being thrown out. The course of the River Geomelbaika has been altered in consequence of the bed being dammed with earth, which has been disintegrated by the earthquake.

Battalions of guards and detachments of sappers, with teams, have been despatched to Suamaka to aid in the work of rescue. The Red Cross Society is active in alleviating distress.

"The Unknown Half."

This is the title of the Annual Report, now in preparation, and shortly to be issued in magazine size, at ten cents per copy. We can only urge our readers to order of their officers a copy at their first opportunity, since the edition will be limited, and the demand will certainly quickly exhaust the supply.

The unique title, "The Unknown Half," is explained in the Introduction by the Commissioner, Miss Booth, a splendid half-tone portrait of whom adorns the first page of the Report. The latter includes a complete review of the work in all its branches, making it especially valuable to our numerous friends who have no opportunity to keep themselves current with our advances.

The Report is profusely illustrated by excellent pictures and photos from life.

To our soldiers and officers it will be an inspiration and source of thankfulness; to our auxiliaries and friends it will give a good account of the use made of their generous support of our work; to the indifferent it will give information which will make them into friends, and our enemies, such as we may have, and such as will read this booklet, it will disarm, and force them to declare us friends and helpers of the needy and helpless.

Space forbids a more detailed review of the contents to-day, but we declare a gratifying reception for our Annual Report on the part of the public.

OLD GERMAN SAYINGS.

(Translated by Marie Boileau.)

Morning hour brings gold as never.

Progress ever—and still is slower.

Joy and industry make the hours fly.

A true man is noble, helpful and kind.

Hope lives on longing—and dies from fruition.

Those generally talk most who have least to say.

He is not much of a sage who is not ridiculed by fools.

A noble man attracts noble men, and knows how to retain them.

He who leaves nothing for the past will be punished by the future.

Take longing from the soul and you will take light from the earth.

The poor man is not he who possesses little; but he who desires much.

We read in the looks of others—only the reproaches of our own conscience.

What comes too soon? What comes too late?

Wise counsel to a foolish pest.

Be thoroughly convinced yourself on any subject—before you announce it to the world.

HIS ANSWER TO SATAN.

Billy Bray, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety had been a blessing to so many of God's children, says that one year his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow, and said:

"There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have done all the year? Just see those small potatoes."

He stopped hoeing, and replied:—"Ah, Satan, at it again; talking against my Father, Bessie! What, when I served you, Satan, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?"

And on he went, hoeing and praying, the Lord for small potatoes—a valuable lesson for us all.



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Brigadier Canadian of farwelled f

Commisled the General in London, obtaining s, bas left for

By the f another bo our veteran opinion of book on Sou most attrac When you not close th read; and feel you hav a great un The Warrio such a worl

The Impo pers' Comm throughout made their bleated fast Manchester Wednesday, 28th, 25th, in spirit and had gone wonderfully withstandi his task. officers felt as we gain his advice a single po

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A terrib Waterbury, Feb. 2nd, d hotel, the with only the time, a of the flan saved. Th its hall for beds and b Thus the r as soon as secured.

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The ann anniversary in the Ur held in N cribed as Colonel n Officers, c eastern G gates fr tended, were by d in our w Liberty f picked o mistak, audjece, Theatro in



GREAT BRITAIN.

Brigadier Malan, whom many of our Canadian comrades know, has just farewelled to Belgium.

Commissioner Kilbey, after seeing the General and others of our leaders in London, relative to his command, obtaining some important decisions, has left for South Africa.

By the following we gather that another book has been written by our veteran in S. A. literature. My opinion of Commissioner Railton's book on South Africa is that it is the most attractive he has ever written. When you open its pages, you will not close them until every word is read; and when you have done you feel you have been in fellowship with a great mind and a great subject. The Warriors' Library is enriched by such a work.

The important series of Field Officers' Councils, held by the General throughout the British Territory, have made their influence felt in a most blessed fashion. We glean that the Manchester Councils, held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 28th, 29th, and 30th, were quite equal in spirit and outcome, to those which had gone before. The General was wonderfully upheld throughout, notwithstanding the exacting nature of his task. Never perhaps have the officers felt so proud of their leader, as we gather they eagerly drank in his advice as though afraid to miss a single point.

UNITED STATES.

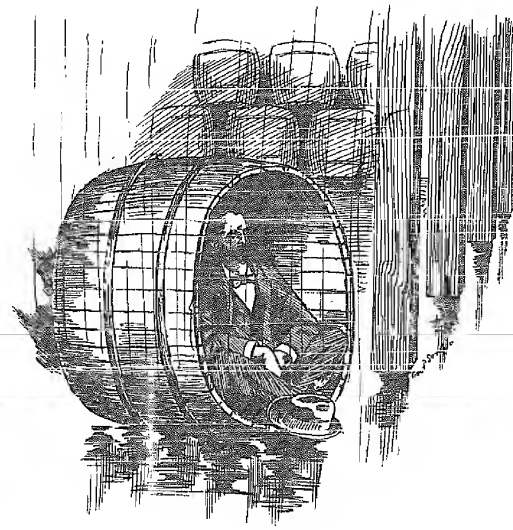
Joe the Turk's case in San Jose has been appealed to the higher court. He was released on \$100 bail by Mrs. Dr. Cockran and other friends of the Army, and will continue his trip for a few weeks until the case comes up for trial.

A terrible fire which devastated Waterbury, Conn., on the night of Feb. 2nd, destroyed our workmen's hotel, the officers and men escaping with only the clothing they were at the time, as so rapid was the spread of the flames that nothing could be saved. The corps generously loaned its hall for the time being, and new beds and bedding are being supplied. Thus the men will be cared for, and as soon as possible another building secured.

Just a year ago the bookbinder's long a foremost ambition of the Consul and Mrs. Colonel Higgins was opened on West Thirteenth Street, just back of the National Headquarters building. What that year has accomplished is best told by the following interesting and decidedly gratifying array of figures: Girls entered, 28; to situations, 5; married, 3; Sergeant to Brooklyn Rescue Home, 1; to her home, 1; to prepare for field work, 1; died, 2; unsatisfactory, 2; in home Jan. 17th, 18; income from board, \$670.07; value of work done, \$2,738.30.

The annual congress and fourteenth anniversary of the Scandinavian work in the United States has just been held in New York City, and is described as being a gigantic success. Colonel and Mrs. Swenson, Provincial Officers, conducted the campaign. All eastern Scandinavian officers and delegates from many eastern cities attended. The public demonstrations were by far the best ever witnessed in our work in Greater New York. Liberty Hall, New York City, was packed out at twenty-five cents admission, while a most enthusiastic audience, crowded the Athenaeum Theatre in Brooklyn. A unique march

preceded the great Athenaeum meeting, 300 soldiers were in line, with bands, war chariots, brigades dressed in national costume, fire-works, etc., etc. The private council for officers were times of much power and glory. The Commander's address to officers was much appreciated. Twenty-nine souls sought Christ during the campaign. One thousand five hundred and twenty-eight souls came to Jesus during the last year in the Eastern Scandinavian Division; 120,962 Swedish War Crvs were sold, 309,661 attended the meetings, \$24,502 were given in collections and donations, \$7,255.24 was paid for rent of officers' quarters during the year, 28,508 hours were spent in visitation. There are now in the Division 18 corps, 15 outposts, 53 officers and Cadets, 163 Local Officers, and 82 handmen. To God be all the glory!



"The only way we got some sleep." (See story p. 7.)

The following under the heading of "Hawaiian Happenings," written by Major George Wood, an old Canadian officer, and known to so many in this country, will be of interest: The D.O. and his family had a desperate finish to the Old Year. The devil evidently is mad, for he nearly managed to burn our house down and render us homeless for the time being, besides destroying about \$50 worth of furniture, lounge, pillows, rugs, chairs, pictures, etc. I had gone down to lead the watchnight service. Mrs. Wood and Fred were alone, when, through a sudden gust of wind blowing a curtain over the lamp, the fire broke out. The neighbors responded nobly, and did intervene so that when I got back in a hurry, I found it had been put out. Thank God it was no worse. Down at the service, which I was done out of, they had a splendid crowd, one good fellow was twice in as a soldier, a hussarier was reclaimed, and four hands were raised for prayers. There have been five more conversions since. Mrs. Wood and I have entered now upon the third year of our command. It won't be out of place for us to briefly review the advances which, by God's help, and the hard work and faith of our comrades, we have seen. 1,113 prisoners reported, soldiers' roll doubled, War Cry orders increased from 712 to 1,779. Young Soldier from 182 to 374, officers from a total of 8 to 16 on active service, and 6 on furlough; raised outside

of ordinary income, for Self-Denial, Harvest Festival, Koko property and Honolulu Rescue Home, \$6,185.24. Corps regular income largely increased, Junior soldiers from 4 to 25, J. S. meetings from 6 to 17, Companies from 8 to 25, Corps-Cadets from 9 to 10, children's total weekly attendance 118 to 684. To God be all the glory!

ST. HELENA.

In a letter to Staff-Capt. Murray, Secretary of the Naval and Military League, Leaguer Heath writes as follows from St. Helena: "I suppose you will wish to hear a little about our work here. Praise God, we are still going ahead. Permission has at last been given for us to take part in the open-air services. Hallelujah! We have made our first appearance. Nine military comrades stood in the ring (Five Leaguers, two converts, and two friends). It was a big surprise for St. Helena, for the fact that we had obtained permission to take part in the open-air had been kept a secret. When the news spread, there was soon a large crowd standing around listening to the burning testimonies given out by the Service-men."

SWEDEN.

During six months there were eleven thousand and thirty-eight beds provided at the Malmö Shelter.

The Salvation Army in Sweden have recently held their 19th anniversary in the S. A. Temple, Stockholm, led by Commissioner McAlonan, assisted by Colonel and Mrs. Fornachon and the Swedish Headquarters Staff. Commissioner Ouchterlony was also present, who, 19 years ago, opened the first corps in Sweden.

FINLAND.

At six of the Finland corps, during the last week of 1900, there were 111 souls sought salvation at the Mercy Seat, making an average of over 18 for each corps.

A new corps has been opened at Keine, a small town in western Finland. They had their first enrolment on New Year's Day, when eleven recruits took their stand as soldiers.

CEYLON.

The number of new Cadets trained for the war has been satisfactory.

Among soldiers who have been promoted to the shining ranks above, we should mention the old Sergeant Major of Hewat's, seventeen years a soldier, and faithful unto death. Our Social Institutions also have kept up their record of good work, and many have been lifted up and placed in paths of honesty and virtue, and it is cheering also to find many of those who were rescued in the early days of our Prison-Gate and Rescue work still good and reliable, and in good positions.

Our Self-Denial effort for 1901 has gone very considerably over last year's total.

As the year closed, officers were set apart for extensions of our work in the Kandy and Polghawella Districts, and all are determined to go on far ahead in 1902. Our Commissioner's visit will just come in splendid as a push-off.

GIBRALTAR.

Lieut. Pike, of the Naval and Military work, has been promoted to Glory from Gibraltar. Six soldiers and sailors—members of the League—bore his remains to the grave, under the shadow of the rock of Gibraltar.

"THE REPENTANCE OF THE UNDERSTANDING."

"The repentance of the understanding" is seldom enjoyed and seldom felt, but it would often be a most salutary and beneficial experience. Let a man, for example, on discovering that he has decided unwisely in some more or less important matter, instead of consoling himself with the reflection that he acted up to the best light that he then had, and is, therefore, blameless, reflect upon the mental obligations that must have accompanied the decision, and ask himself whether he might not have trained his judgment to a better degree of sagacity, so as to have rendered the error impossible. It will be strange indeed if, in such an investigation, he finds nothing of which to repent.

We can brood upon our troubles until they become unbearable, or we can dwell upon our blessings until our hearts are melted into thankfulness. We can ponder the faults of our neighbors until we are saturated with disapproval and contempt, or we can muse upon their redeeming qualities till the kindly sympathies of our nature assert themselves.

HOLLAND.

Commissioner Cosandey has conducted two great demonstrations in the Palais de l'Industrie, one of the largest public buildings in Amsterdam. The large hall was crowded, and more than 2,600 persons had an opportunity to learn interesting facts about our Army and the work it is doing.

On Christmas Day, in the same building, a free dinner was cheerfully given by the Army to 1,600 poor of the city of Amsterdam.

Though working under serious difficulty, our comrades are going forward guided by the great love of their Savior.

SOUTH AMERICA.

International Headquarters has decided to send some help to our Spanish comrades. Several officers leave for South America at an early date.

The work is improving rapidly. Brigadier Maidment, the new officer in charge of our work there, is much encouraged by the reports he is getting from the field officers.



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

"There are those that rebel against the light."—Job xxiv. 13.
No one is better acquainted with this awful fact than is the Salvationist, who is actively engaged night after night in trying to bring sinners to repentance, who withstand the light, resisting truth, holiness, and knowledge.

Off the coast of New Zealand, a captain lost his vessel by steering in the face of the warning light, till he dashed upon the rock immediately beneath the lighthouse. He said that he was asleep; but this did not restore the wreck nor save him from condemnation. It is a terrible thing for rays of Gospel light to guide a man to his doom.

MONDAY.

"Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one."—Job xiv. 4.
Job had a deep sense of the need of being clean before God, and indeed he was clean in heart and hand beyond his fellows. But he said that he could not of himself produce holiness in his own nature, and, therefore, he asked this question, and answered it in the negative without a moment's hesitation.

Prune the crab as you please, it will not bring forth apples; nor will a thorn, under the best cultivation, produce figs.

TUESDAY.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job xix. 25.
It would seem that Job, driven to desperation, fell back upon the truth and justice of God. He could not believe that he would be left to remain under the slanderous accusations which had been heaped upon him. If we are sure about anything, let it be concerning the Redeemer.

WEDNESDAY.

"Will he always call upon God?"—Job xxv. 10.

A hypocrite may be a very neat imitation of a Christian. He professes to know God, to converse with Him, to be devoted to His service, and to invoke His protection; he even practices prayer, or at least feigns it. Yet the cleverest counterfeiter fails somewhere, and may be discovered by certain signs. The test is here: "Will he always call upon God?"

We have heard of a child who said her prayers and then added, "Good-bye, God; we are all going to Saratoga, and pa and ma won't go to meeting, or pray any more, until we come back again." Let not the Salvationist in any case give God the go-by in much the same manner.

THURSDAY.

"Should it be according to Thy mind?"—Job xxiv. 38.

Many appear to think so—I am afraid some Salvation Army soldiers are no exception to the rule. If we judge some by their conduct, they think that the Most High should have consulted their case, their fancy, and their ascertainment. Is not God wiser, kinder, and holier than we? Dear comrades, let us guard against such a spirit.

FRIDAY.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."—Psalms xix. 7.

Things are known by their fruit, and books by their effect upon the mind. By "the law of the Lord" David means the whole revelation of God; as far as it had been given in his day; but his remark is equally true

of all that God has since been pleased to speak by His Spirit. McChesney says:—"Depend upon it, it is God's Word, not man's comment on God's Word, which converts souls." A large fruit may contain and nourish a tiny seed; when the fruit falls into the ground and the shoots spring up, the real life was in the central pip, and not in the juicy fruit which encompassed it.

SATURDAY.

"Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder; so cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, where is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?"—Job xxviii. 25-27.

God challenge men to compare with His Maker even in the one matter of the rain. God alone giveth rain, and the same is true of grace. Rain falls irrespective of man, so does grace. A lady traveling in Palestine found herself without shelter during a thunder-storm. Rain began to fall in torrents. Her groom, Mohammed, threw a large Arab cloak over her, saying, "May Allah preserve you, O lady! while He is blessing the fields."

"Sinner, the further you go the faster, and the less possibility there is of your stopping. Like a stone going down hill, the momentum of the past will push you on in spite of yourself when you get near the bottom. The weight of the guilty deeds of the past will come behind you like an incensed rider, pushing you down, down, down; and the lower you go, and the further you go, the faster you go."—Mrs. Booth.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

UNITED STATES.—(Continued.)

In the space we have to devote it would be impossible to carry our readers through all those early struggles; sufficient to say, with regard to these early openings, some of the doors were left in New York to carry on the work, while the Commissioner, in company with the remaining officers, went to attack Newark, New Jersey. They had been invited to visit this city by a local gentleman.

Here a theatre was found of the lowest description, with broken windows and doors, and altogether in the last degree of dirt and dilapidation. Snow blanketed the ground at the time, and there being no means of heating the place, they had to invite the gentlemen present to keep their hats on during the services. Sinners were saved the first day, and the sisters left there soon had a flourishing Corps like their sisters in New York.

Philadelphia was next opened. Here Commissioner Ralston received a great ovation. At the end of the first year's warfare it was found (keeping their anniversary twelve months after the first service held by the Shirleys, though only seven months after the Commissioner's arrival in the United States) that twenty Corps had been opened, holding one hundred and seventy-two services per week, and that over fifteen hundred persons had professed conversion during the year. In November, 1883,

The First American War Cry was published, which was issued monthly. Could our readers compare our up-to-date American weekly with that of 1883, they would be more than convinced of the rapid strides our cousins have made on this line.

There was some desperate fighting to be done to bring all these things to pass. The year 1884 is described as a year of mighty battles. In 1883 twenty-three men and women officers had been taken into custody in connection with the open-air services, but in 1884 hundreds of them had been similarly apprehended, and as many as twenty-six at one time were put behind the bars. An account is given at that time, that in connection with the prosecution of eleven of our officers and soldiers in the city of New Haven for singing in the streets, one of the most interesting episodes in the Army's history took place. Against the attack made upon the Army, at the instance of supposed Christian authority, our comrades were

Defended by a Jewish Solicitor, who called upon the Court to allow him to prove that the singing of our

soldiers was neither irreverent, blasphemous, nor disorderly, but quite unobjectionable. So the eleven soldiers in court sang.

"I'm a soldier bound for glory, In a soldier marching on— Come and hear me tell the story: All who long in sin have gone,

I love Jesus, Hallelujah! I love Jesus, yes, I do; I love Jesus, He's my Saviour; Jesus smiles and loves me, too."

It seems that they sang in the dock, with their usual happiness, clapping their hands for joy. The female Captain explained that the object of the Army in singing in the street was to beseech sinners to make their peace with God and to become good citizens. Judge Deming, to his honor, decided that our comrades had not broken the law, or had not intended to do so.

A great number of instances could here be given very much the same as the above, which more or less happened all over the country. But right triumphed, and thousands of our enemies have become our friends since they have become acquainted with the motives and aims of our new world-wide organization.

Our brave comrades continued to push on the war during the years that followed, amidst all kinds of opposition and difficulty, but before we give a few further particulars we will view the Salvation Army as a whole during this time.

General View of the Work.

In London we find the S. A. engaged in a purely agitation. Mrs. Booth in 1884 organized a systematic effort, on behalf of the fallen outcasts of society, who often move signed against them singing, appended peculiarly to her large and tender sympathies. Touched by the helpless and pitiable position of some girls, the wife of an Army soldier threw her home open for their reception. It was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and still others were clamoring for admission. Recognizing in this the finger of God, the Army entered upon this particular form of enterprise. The leaders of the Army forthwith engaged a house, and opened it—

The First Rescue Home.

placing it under the supervision of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. And thus upon the foundation of this single Salvationist's love and faith and toil was reared a work which has since extended to all quarters of the globe, and been the means of restoring thousands of wanderers to the paths of virtue.

(To be Continued.)



The above cut will give our readers a good idea of the appearance of the Song-Editor when he is going through some of the productions of our poets. It was while in a state of perplexity to know just what to do with a bundle of songs before him he thought it would be the best plan to acquaint our song-writers with some of the difficulties with which he is confronted while making the weekly collection of songs.

He would at the outset like to say: When writing songs it is necessary to count the number of syllables in each line, to see if there is the correct number, in addition to trying to sing the words to the tune you have selected. A careful study of the back of our cloth-covered Salvation Soldiers' Song Book will be of great advantage to song-writers.

Because care in this direction has not been taken, we have been compelled to destroy scores of songs, which has caused us no less regret than it has our poets.

Then, again, while the rhythm is good, the sense is altogether lost, as, for instance, in the verse which we just select at random from a pile of songs before us:—

"Jesus found me when a stranger, Sought me wondering, sat me right, And when all seemed dark and sadness, Jesus turned it into light."

With a little care on the part of our song-writers, these errors could be rectified. It would be a good plan, if there is anyone in the town, who is specially gifted, to show them your song before it is despatched. They would only be too glad to give you a little advice in the matter.

Here is another song, the first verse of which runs in eight syllables. Upon glancing at the second verse it runs into nine syllables. In the third verse we find only seven, and the last one runs seven and eight, and yet this particular poet tells us this song has been sung in the Corps with great success.

Now, we happen to be acquainted sufficiently with this particular song-writer to know, with a little pains on his part, these errors could be avoided, and unless the Song-Editor finds a little spare time to devote upon his song, it will never appear in print.

Still another difficulty lies in the fact of songs being put to tunes not generally known. This error, of course, can be easily overcome. It was only a day or two ago the Song-Editor, in sheer desperation, on account of trying to get a tune to fit a certain song, called the rest of the editorial fraternity to the rescue.

Who, after trying time after time—being nearly convulsed with laughter at the strange sound the words produced to the tunes tried—saw to give up in despair.

As explained previously, these are the things which make it altogether impossible to publish a great number of the songs sent in, for which we are extremely sorry.

We really need original, soul-stirring songs put to tunes with which all are familiar, and the spirit in which the above is written is in the hope that it may be of some help to our song-writers.

Be careful of your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do and not promise, than to promise and not perform.

CHAPTER I.

An Exception.

There is no doubt exceptionally hard-kept. I was under hard himself before overseas, and who going to train me. He wanted to know any credence (he meant born on the island were jealous of looked upon them away their bread-trust. But be chance to know I was dependent upon extent, since, if I thought I would at once for home.

Then he paid more than what was promised account that I of cheese generally salary, for the two book-keepers was the black laborer (at 11 a.m.) would of boiled herrings, trout, and sliced boiled salt fish, coconuts and plantains two meals a day, what else we wanted shop."

CHAPTER II.

Three Years.

But things became second year, when a crop of 120 acres besides about 250 estimated to be prugars. To make it which worked the get more mouths rubbed daily with Then the rainy the crop was on means that the sun hot every morning when there would pour of rain, last until the rivers, intervals and roads water, through a keeper had after was with the great could boil the cans at this time, since consisted of the c as "dr trash and were dried in the damp. We had down a barrel of hole to help make.

Not only so, but that all "spoiling and that each bowl three of us) must the works every course, to working.

How did we manage possible, to do it but for the limes sleeping, would probably get dise to lock-in the hel curing-house (att house) that he m he would afterwards favor. As the st on the salivater water would drop place a new hog get into it! It w confining, but w sleep, and even not consider this ble thing to have I felt as if I co week, if I had t

Things were b ing good health, I fever perhaps t of mosquitoes— me, and I had e mid and water ride, like becom Sometimes it w were striking my One day I miss



CHAPTER I.—(Concluded.)

An Exceptionally Hard Time.

There is no doubt that I had an exceptionally hard time as a bookkeeper. I was under one who had it hard himself before being made an overseer, and who boasted that he was going to train me to become a good planter. He warned me against getting to know any of the Jamaican creoles (he meant those mostly white born on the island) saying that they were jealous of Englishmen, and looked upon them as coming to take away their bread. This I found to be untrue. But he never gave me a chance to know many of them. So I was dependent upon him to a great extent, since, if I discharged myself, I thought I would have to take ship at once for home.

Then he paid me £10 a year less than what was promised me. The show account that I owed for bread and cheese generally swallowed up my salary, for the food sent down to us bookkeepers was not as good as what the black laborers had. Breakfast (at 11 a.m.) would consist, as a rule, of boiled herrings, yams, and bread-fruit; and dinner (at 6 p.m.) of boiled salt fish, yams, bread-fruit, coconuts and plantains. So we had but two meals a day, and had to purchase what else we wanted from the "coolie shop."

CHAPTER II.

Three Years' Slavery.

But things became still harder the second year, when we had to take off a crop of 150 acres of "plant" canes, besides about 250 acres of "rattions," estimated to produce 500 tons of sugar. To make it harder, the cattle, which worked the carts and wagons, got sore mouths, which had to be rubbed daily with salt and vinegar. Then the rainy season set in, when the crop was only half over. This means that the sun would shine very hot every morning until about noon, when there would be a sudden down-pour of rain, lasting for hours, and until the rivers, trenches, drains, intervals and roads were one sheet of water, through which a poor bookkeeper had afterwards to plunge. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could boil the cane liquor into sugar at this time, since the fuel, which consisted of the crushed cane, known as "dry trash," and which should have been dried in the sun, was often quite damp. We had sometimes to roll down a barrel of lime into the stove-hole to help make fire.

Not only so, but the overseer said that all "spoilings" must be stopped, and that each bookkeeper (there were three of us) must be up and about the works every night, in addition, of course, to working hard every day.

How did we manage it? It is impossible to do without some sleep, but for the bushes to catch any of us sleeping would mean that we should probably get discharged. So I used to lock-in the field bookkeeper in the curing-house (attached to the boiling-house) that he might get a sleep, and he would afterwards do me a similar favor. As the steam would condense on the galvanised iron roofings, and water would drop down, we used to place a new hoghead on its side, and get into it. It was rather rough and confining, but when one is really sleepy, and cannot do better, he does not consider this. It is really a terrible thing to have to do without sleep. I felt so if I had not slept for a week, if I had but the chance.

Things were bad, when I was enjoying good health, but when the malarial fever, brought through the thousands of mosquitoes, began to lay hold of me, and I had still to tramp through mud and water, not being allowed to ride, life became not worth living. Sometimes it was as if a hammer were striking up and while I walked. One day I managed to creep into an

old watchman's hut, where I laid down more dead than alive, until some negro laborers lifted me up and carried me to the bookkeepers' barracks. That is, carried me home!

When the husher saw that I was continually getting fever, he sent me down to the town—eight miles away—riding an old cart-mule that was accustomed to call up at every rum-shop! I waited for hours to see the doctor, sitting on a door-step, and eventually had to ride back with fever and ague, without having seen him. I had to bring back with me on the saddle the estate's weekly wages—a bag of £50 in silver. And got cursed for coming late! When, a few days afterwards, the doctor came to see the indurated coolies on the estate, he gave me some mercury pills that salivated my mouth, and made me feel so bad that I thought death was better, and so longed to die. Not that I had made my peace with God, for I had put religion aside altogether, and there was no Christian near me to point me to Christ. In fact, I seemed to have an idea that since I

converted, nor did anyone ask me about it, or say that it was necessary.

Indeed, I was no better for being a church member. I confess it to my shame. I became fond of dancing, horse-racing, and every kind of worldliness, and so neglected my church duties more and more. Then I struck because a man who kept a rum-shop was appointed lay-reader. The position had been offered to me, and I refused it, feeling myself unworthy. After this I seldom went to church, but began to investigate Spiritualism, with my wife and some others. She proved to be a powerful medium, so we had many a seance together, and got some remarkable manifestations, which I now believe to have come from the devil. Modern Spiritualism is much the same as ancient witchcraft, or having to do with familiar spirits. There is just enough truth in the communications received to allure one on, and enough falsehood to enable us to trace the source of information. We eventually got afraid of the whole thing, since we could not sleep at nights, and often found ourselves under Satanic influences during the day-time. Spiritualism—and I could write a book about it—is a delusion of the devil.

In 1879 we turned our attention to business, with the idea of making money and a position in society. Our prospects were excellent. I had served out my five years and been commissioned by the Supreme Court as a land surveyor. So I could earn about £40 a month, and still have several days every week at my dis-

position, and eventually came off with flying colors on both occasions. Not, of course, that we got back the pounds we spent in law!

Had we not suffered from many bad debts, and non-paying subscribers, the business might have paid, but I'm afraid I had too many irons in the fire, and was never cut out for dry-goods. Young man, try and find out what you are cut out for: it is half the battle of life. As it was, we tried to keep down expenses by working hard ourselves, but felt that we were accumulating an unsalable refuse stock, which people turned up their noses at.

CHAPTER IV.

Religion as we Knew It.

How were we getting on religiously at this time?

With the hope and shadow of prosperity before us, we drifted further and further from even the outward profession of religion. On a Sunday morning I would light my cigar, mount my bicycle, and ride away to the sea for a bath, with the towel flying over my shoulders. An hour afterwards I would return up the street, meeting the country people going to church, and taking a delight in making them clear out of my way. Then would come breakfast, and after that I would call out, "Joel! put the horses in the huggy!" I kept three pairs of horses. A little afterwards, dressed for the occasion, we would be driving to the country to spend the Sabbath with some friends as "religiously inclined" as ourselves.

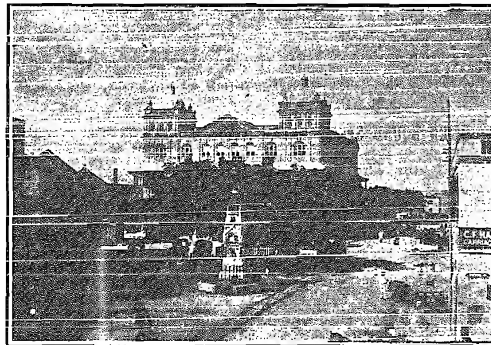
We went in heavily for every kind of pleasure, especially dancing. I was the promoter and manager of the Savanna la Mar Brass and Reed Band, which was such a success that we took thirty pounds at a concert held at the Town Hall. In this way we paid for the instruments which cost two hundred pounds. Our drawing-room was said to be the best in the town for dancing, and was often used for that purpose. Sometimes it was a "white-kid-glove" affair, sometimes a "subscription spin," and, at other times, a mere "social hop." Twelve o'clock came too soon on Saturday night, so we merely stopped the clock and danced on! Of course we had a number of friends at this time, for they said we brought "life" to the town. There was an illuminated motto on the wall of the drawing-room with the words, "Christ, our Righteousness." This was always a sore-eye to me, especially during a dance. At length I turned it to the wall. "What have you done that for?" my wife asked. "Christ our Righteousness!" I repeated. "Then if He isn't our righteousness, who is?" she replied. At length we both agreed that the motto-text would look best in the bedroom.

Although we became so passionately fond of dancing, there always seemed something to mar our pleasure. Someone we especially expected did not come, some partially was shown, so friends got slighted; something always seemed to go wrong. And we all felt so wretchedly used up, and unfit for business, or anything else, the next day!

At length our business began to show signs of failure. The accounts became harder and harder to meet. Those who owed us money would not pay; those whom we owed would not wait. So we closed up, promising to pay all creditors in full—which we eventually did by selling our horses, cattle, huggies, etc.

We lost a thousand pounds in business, but it was the highest lesson that ever could have happened to us! It taught us the failure of worldly friendship. Those whom we had helped would not help us. They began to turn us out by the way on the other side of the street. We got fewer invitations to dinner, and no more proposals for dances! It was an eye-opener to us, and a valuable bit of experience.

(To be Continued.)



Georgetown, Demerara.

was not worse than many others, or as bad as some. God might have mercy on me, and not send my soul to hell.

CHAPTER III.

A Chequered Career.

After three years of this white slavery I discharged myself, much to the regret of my employer, who now offered me a hundred pounds a year if I would remain on the estate. I went to a land surveyor who lived at Bluefields. I indentured myself to him for a term of five years. Here I found my knowledge of mathematics and drawing of use to me, and I undertook, and successfully carried out, some difficult surveys. After a time I got engaged, and married, to his only daughter. She advised me to join the Church of England, of which she was a member. I agreed, on condition that they let me in without my being confirmed, and on the understanding that I should not be expected to submit to any services. This they agreed to.

Shortly afterwards I was made a church-committeeman, and, later on, the secretary, and representative at Synod. But I never professed to be

possess. My wife's father died and left her in cash and property about £1,000. We therefore determined to go into mercantile business in the town of Savanna-la-Mar forthwith, so as to make it more. Not that we had much, or, indeed any, experience, but we had a small capital, and experience invariably follows.

Not only did we open one of the largest retail dry-goods stores in the town, but soon had a book and reading-room, and printing office attached, with, of course, quite a staff of employees to pay weekly.

I was fond of printing from the first, and soon picked up the divine art. In fact, I learnt in a few months all that some printers I got news from Kingston had learnt during eight years of apprenticeship. I started a weekly newspaper named the Westmoreland Telegraph, and ran it for five years. I put my whole heart into it. It was well printed, and had a circulation of 1,000 copies. It was fearless and outspoken in its non-conformity, and especially against "religious hypocrites." Two large and exciting libel cases were the result. But after the actions were issued, we gave "em something to bring us up for," put in pleas of jus-

THE WRATH OF GOD.

Oh, sinners, consider whose wrath it is that you are treasuring up against the day of wrath. If it were the wrath of men, angels, or devils, it would be bad enough; but it is the wrath of the Almighty God. God Himself will come out of His place to punish you, His own mighty hand will deal the blow. His awful voice pronounce the sentence.—Mrs. Booth.

A sweet temper has a soothing influence on the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, kindness and love predominate. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have a real dwelling-place.



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Editorial.

The Commissioner's Siege Articles.

This week the Commissioner continues the series of Siege articles begun in our last number, with a very important and practical article on Open-Air Meetings. We need not urge our readers to peruse everything from the pen of Miss Booth, as we have so many evidences of her literary contributions to the pages of the War Cry being widely and eagerly read, but we would especially urge our soldiers and officers to carefully mark and digest every point well. We cannot get too strong a conception of the immense value of our open-air work, and should take every precaution to prevent ourselves from yielding to anything that lessens their frequency or cools our enthusiasm.

The Newfoundland Census.

The recent census returns of Newfoundland have strikingly shown the great progress the Army has made on the Island. The returns show a total of 8,630 Salvationists, out of the entire population of 200,000. At the last census, ten years ago, our number was 2,092, which shows that we have more than tripled our following in that period. Some villages are almost entirely Salvation Army. In one, out of a population of 138, no less than 124 belong to the Army. In another 94 out of 99 are Salvationists. Newfoundland is advancing, our schools are doing well, and as the Government grants to each denomination a sum based upon the showing of the census, we shall be in future even in a better position to improve our educational system, so that it may be second to none on the Island.

Heavenly Gales AT YORKVILLE.

COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS, Assisted by Members of Headquarters Staff, See a Harvest of Souls.

Although only four days have gone by since Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, with their Staff, began revival services in the north of the City of Toronto, over twenty souls have been led to the Mercy Seat. The Thursday, Friday and Saturday night meetings were exceptionally well attended, and were seasons of joy as well as of profit and blessing.

It was a fitting climax, however, to what we might term the first week's battle, to three crowded meetings on the Sunday, especially was this so at night, when the hall was crowded to the doors, extra seats having to be brought into requisition, filling all

The Commissioner at Ottawa.

(By Wire.)

Commissioner's visit to the Imperial City eclipsed all previous records. The soldiers and band gathered at the depot at 6.25 in the morning, giving the Commissioner and party a hearty welcome. Sunday's meetings were record-breakers. Twice the splendid Orme Music Hall was filled to suffocation; aisles, stairways, railings, and windows all were occupied by eager listeners. Building could not begin to accommodate the crowds. Hundreds waited at the doors one hour before service. Commissioner entirely captivated her audiences, while the beautiful hearty responses and singing of Ottawa citizens delighted the Commissioner. Twenty seekers came to the Mercy Seat for the day. Commissioner's addresses become more and more full of spirit and fire. Enthusiasm is unbounded for tonight's gathering.—W. J. Turner, Major.

Commissioner's meetings at Ottawa gigantic success. The large Orme Hall gorged twice yesterday (Sunday) and hundreds turned away. The Commissioner surpassed all previous records, the great crowd laughing and weeping in turns. Twenty seekers. Finances excellent. Great enthusiasm and expectations for to-night.

Monday night, "Miss Booth in Rage," successful beyond description. Crowds turned away. Hall perfectly packed. Attention wonderful. Audience displayed every emotion, and freely applauded. The entire series of meetings was an unequalled success. Nothing like it has been known in Ottawa's history. Everybody delighted and anxious to have Commissioner come again.—Brigadier Pugmire.

The available space. After the Chief Secretary had delivered one of his fiery talks, which, by the way, had been preceded by a splendid solo by Staff-Capt. Mantion and a tune from the T.H.Q. orchestra, our worthy General Secretary took the reins for a time, when, amid the prayers and hallelujahs of saints, seven more souls were added to the harvest. The above speaks well for the future, when our readers, in a later issue of the Cry, will learn of still greater triumphs in the name of Jesus.—M.

OWN SOUND SPECIALS.

(By Wire.)

Triumphant Sunday with Brigadier Pickering, assisted by Hand-Bell Ringers. Immense congregation present. Nothing like it for years. The Brigadier surpassed himself. Wonderful meetings all day; several souls. Monday night, hall gorged again. \$30 collection. Everybody delighted and clamoring for a return visit. Siege being pushed vigorously.—Ensign Staiger.

ONWARD, ORILLIA!

(By Wire.)

Orillia braves still pushing Siege. Advances continually being made. Prisoners are taken, recruits enrolled, and soldiers made. Grey-haired sinners and children seeking and finding Christ. Nine prisoners for the week. Enrolment of soldiers on Thursday. Corps unknit and going straight for souls.—A. Rose, Capt.

BARRIS BULLETIN.

(By Wire.)

Good crowds Siege Sunday. Eight souls in all Siege meetings every night. Soldiers dancing happy over victories won.—W. H. Burrows.

GLACE BAY DISTRICT BLAZING.

(By Wire.)

Opening of Siege campaign in Cape Breton District was a grand success; crowded buildings, and souls were saved; interest away up. Officers, Locals, and soldiers all on fire for a mighty smash. At Dominion, our new opening, the first Sunday's meetings were very successful, Mrs. Agt. McLean leading. Nine souls, tremendous crowds, and sixteen dollars income. People are delighted with the Army. Capt. Benito Green is in charge.—J. S. McLean, Adjt.

Territorial Newslets

The revival campaign at Yorkville has succeeded in creating much interest in that particular part of the city. Already twenty-five seekers have knelt at the Mercy Seat, and it does not yet appear what we shall see. The final meetings in the Association Hall are being looked forward to with great expectancy.

Siege news from all over the Territory is most encouraging, and signs of a great revival are in evidence everywhere. Prayer, faith, and whole-hearted effort will accomplish much.

Forty souls knelt at the penitent forms in Toronto on Sunday last. The increase in the kneed-drill attendance was very remarkable—nearly every city corps had three times the usual attendance. Truly a sign that we are in for an onward march.

Adjt. Burrows, of Barrie, reports eight souls for the first Siege Sunday, and record-breaking congregations.

In the absence of Brigadier Pugmire at Ottawa, Brigadier Gaskin, the General Secretary, rendered valuable service at Yorkville, ably assisted by the Colonel, and personally conducting several meetings.

Eleven souls were enrolled on Monday last, as a result of Staff-Captain Burditt's Riverside revival. The Staff-Captain will next direct his attention to Hempler.

Capt. Trickey has been appointed to assist in the new Training operations.

Capt. Urquhart will assist Staff-Captain Burditt in his special work, and when Staff-Capt. Mantion joins them at Hamilton our comrades will form a strong and attractive trio.

The J. S. Annual will take place early in May. We have no doubt but that our J. S. Locals have special arrangements in hand to make this an interesting occasion.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy in their home.

Staff-Capt. Page, Private Secretary to the Commissioner, has just spent a successful week-end at Guelph. Old veterans report Sunday as an old-fashioned day. Soldiers fought like Trojans. The night's prayer meeting, a desperate encounter, was climaxed by an exciting wind-up over seven souls.

Extensive preparations are being made for the Commissioner's extensive tour to the Western and Pacific Provinces, and doubtless our beloved comrades are full of eager expectancy over the approaching visit. A special brigade designated "Red Knights of the Cross," and a first-class musical combination, will accompany the Commissioner, also conduct meetings under the direction of Brigadier Pugmire.

The latest opening of the Eastern Province is Dominion, C.B., where a number of soldiers are waiting to welcome Capt. B. Green, who has been appointed to open fire.

We are glad to report Capt. Webb, who was stricken down with smallpox, at Annapolis, has recovered. Ensign Williams is also much better and full of faith for the future. Mrs. Capt. Parsons, also of the Eastern Province, has undergone a successful operation and is doing exceedingly well. Let us all remember our sick comrades in prayer.

Capt. Gross sails for India's Coral strand, from Halifax, March 10th. Our prayers follow him.

Ensign Rowan has been in regular attendance at the cell of a man named Ghuita, who was hanged at Sault Ste. Marie recently. This man became converted previous to his execution.

Staff-Capt. Cass, the new C. O. P. Chancellor, is getting down to business, and already things are beginning to hum. Bowdoinville and Calaw were visited last week-end, with good results. The Chancellor is a firm believer in the Gospel of Hard Work.

HUNTSVILLE TRIUMPHANT.

(By Wire.)

Reconciliation Sunday was a record-breaking day. Kneed-drill attendance, fifty; marches numbered one hundred and seventeen. Marvelous manifestations of God's presence in every meeting. Soldiers made a desperate attack upon the enemy. Band rendered valuable assistance. Twenty-four Seniors and ten Juniors won for the Siege. Hall far too small to accommodate crowds.—Captain and Mrs. Howell.

PARROBORO PARS.

(By Wire.)

Greatest revival since opening meetings fifteen years ago. Thirty-two for salvation and holiness during week; eighty-seven in three weeks. Sixty-nine were on the march on Sunday. Thirty-eight awaiting enrolment. Finances good. Junior attendance doubled.—Ensign Bowering.

DOVERCOURT SIEGE OPENING.

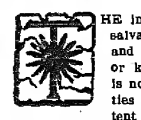
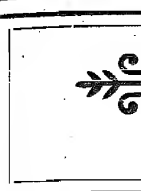
(Special.)

We had excellent meetings on Sunday. It was a reconciling time, indeed, when nine persons were seen kneeling at Jesus' feet. Our faith is high for the Siege.—J. G. Penn, Capt.

IMPORTANT.

The Chief Secretary is anxious to have the names of all Salvationists in the Territory holding 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class teachers' certificates. Whether officers or soldiers, if you hold each, kindly communicate at once, with Col. Jacobs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Sinner, behold yourself; you are slaving for learning, fame, wealth, or what else you have set your heart upon. But do you not know that you will have to leave all these at the edge of the river, and that, naked and empty, with nothing left but your character, you will have to step into the eternal world?—Mrs. Boyd.



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THE SIEGE.



BY THE COMMISSIONER.

II.—OPEN-AIRS.



THE importance of all efforts put forth in the street, for the salvation of men, is beyond estimate. Their far-reaching issues and swift-travelling influences are too fast for us to follow, or keep any track of. As with the dew of the night, there is no telling how far each drop will contribute to the beauties of the day, so we can form no calculation to what extent any word dropped upon the darkness of a by-way will add to the glories of an eternal morning.

The greatest spiritual movements the world has ever known have started in the streets. It was out upon their native heath that the staunch hearts of the Covenanters met in the fellowship of saints before their no less saintly martyrdom. It was in the grassy auditorium of the meadows, with no other pulpit than a cotter's chair, that John Wesley gathered his vast family of spiritual children. It was amid the din and derision of the thronged market-squares that William Whitfield scattered the devils of his apostleship. And our vast organization of to-day is practically the outcome of an open-air meeting. Out of the thousands of blood-washed warriors who to-day swell our ranks, numbers of our best trophies—some who are filling positions of importance and trust—were awakened and won for God and the Army through the singing of a song, the pleading of a prayer, or a simple testimony echoed at the corner of some highway. Indeed, we cannot estimate the throng of immortal souls which will testify, at the great day of account, to their having been first attracted to Jesus under the open canopy of heaven.

From every standpoint open-air work is rich in advantage.

It is Profitable to Us Physically.

The march is healthy, by virtue of its bringing to us exercise and fresh air, the two great essentials for the possession of good health and the accomplishment of good work. Numbers of our soldiers are daily occupied in close confinement and under impure, atmospheric conditions—in overheated stores, crowded factories, steaming laundries, cramped workshops, or serve all day in the house, and, to say the least, the hour spent in the pure, fresh air cannot fail to be helpful. The sharp walk circulates the blood, and is a beneficial change after the long hours of standing or sitting; the sights around detract the mind from the previous worries and cares; the object of the mission both stirs the heart and cheers the spirit, and, therefore, I say that what we understand by the open-air meeting cannot fail to be invigorating to the whole system.

Street speaking and singing are not, as supposed, injurious to the throat and lungs, and we only manifest our ignorance do we speak of them as such. When out of doors, almost under any circumstances, we can be sure of pure air, which is the very sustenance of the lungs; whereas, in badly ventilated halls, where the air, aided by the effects of a large furnace, and the many different diseases gathered there, becomes laden with impurities, there is a much greater possibility of damage being done to those most vital organs of the body. However, it should be remembered that there is a right and a wrong way of using the voice. Many soldiers who are frequent speakers in the open-air make the mistake of talking from the throat. This is liable to cause irritation and result in inflammation, which may affect the lungs, and thus permanently undermine the health, or, anyway, so weaken the throat as to incapacitate them from becoming officers. This is a very serious error, and should be guarded against. If one does not naturally talk from the chest, it may be acquired with some practice.

Also the mistake is commonly made of a much stronger and louder voice being thought necessary to carry the message to the listening crowd than is really so. To be well heard is more a question of articulation than sound, both in hall and street, and if speaking with the body sufficiently expanded with air, it is seldom required to put undue strain upon the vocal organs to make oneself heard. You need to take in the size of the crowd, gauge your distance, and speak accordingly. And, although it may be a very cold night, with a sharp wind blowing, and a heavy snow falling, I do not think I need hesitate to assure you that if you can manage to eat a good supper, without eating too much, to remember your rubbers, keep up your storm collar, and carry plenty of good-will in your heart, you will find open-air work, even in a Canadian winter, profitable physically.

It is Profitable Spiritually.

We have all proved that if there is any heart in us, there is something in the streets that will find it out. We start for the meeting and the soul seems rather cold; we cannot quite account for it, we wish it were otherwise, and we say, "Lord, help me"; but during the open-air meeting we see something, or hear something, or we think something that touches us. Perhaps it is the wide sky stretching over our heads, with its every star testifying how the winners of souls shall shine for ever and ever. Perhaps it is a little child with an uncovered head and a torn plaid, going on an errand. Perhaps it is a widow with

a very pale face who lingers a moment while we sing. Perhaps the staggering step of a drunkard, whose hair is white, telling his life's sun is almost set—I cannot say which, I only know that in the street something is sure to touch our deeper feelings, wake up the waters, throw back the gates, and let loose the floods of sympathy and compassion, and make us to hunger, with a desperate hunger, for the people's salvation. I have done a very great deal in the direction of open-air work myself, and think I can speak with some authority on the subject. I began my public career in the streets when a little more than a child in years. There I have fought my hardest battles, suffered my greatest hardships, gone through the worst terrors, witnessed the greatest horrors, exerted my hardest efforts, and it has been there I have experienced my sweetest victories, have wept the loveliest tears, seen the greatest of sinners saved, and the darkest of faces shine, the saddest of hearts rejoice, undutiful parents reconciled to children, and prodigal children forgiven by parents under the gas lamp in the open-air. Therefore, I think I can speak confidently when I am on the subject of the streets, and I say it warms up the soul.

It is Profitable to Our Reputation.

Our open-air meeting is the feature of our work which has distinguished the Salvation Army from all other organizations in its systematic regulation of missioning the streets. Many have copied us, but we have led the way, and will stand starlike in this particular originality in the sky of all religious history. And while our street parading and renowned drum have brought down the anathemas of multitudes of people upon our heads, and imprisoned our soldiers, and ripped our colors, they have been our recommendation to multitudes more, and made our flag to wave in lands and climes and heights otherwise never reached. Part of the world has blamed us for these outdoor operations, but a much greater part has praised us. Our open-air work has helped to convince every church of the present day that the Salvation Army is absolutely consecrated in its every branch and effort for the salvation of men. It has persuaded the world that our one and all-absorbing purpose is the conversion of the soul. A prominent minister remarked to me a day or two back, "Your open-air work has persuaded me that the Salvation Army are the people for the masses." I replied, "Well, what do you mean 'for the masses'?" It is the masses who populate the country, not the King. And if the Salvation Army is the church for the masses, then it must be the church for the world.

It is Profitable to Us as an Army.

The open-air has proved the most valuable training-ground for our soldiery. How many a weak, trembling mortal has been converted into a fearless soldier and an effective speaker as the result of open-air work. There is scarcely a fighting soldier or officer in our field to-day who would not bear testimony to the fact that it was on the outdoor battle-ground, surrounded by their old friends and companions, where they broke through the heart-throbs of timidity, and fired their first shot which led up to their becoming powerful and effectual pleaders of the cross. Round its ring thousands of our most nervous fancies have emerged into champion War Cry boomers. From its center that large constituency who share with us the financial burden have become skillful in appealing to the generosity of the crowds, and in endeavor to impress its varying audiences, have multitudes of our sweetest singers and most successful speakers been made.

The open-air demonstration is one of the greatest auxiliaries to the fighting line; the greatest and most effective advertising and attractive agency, and greatest and most convincing declaration of the one purpose which prompts all we do, Christ's love for the sinner, as well as being a potent factor in bringing the outcast and lost into our Father's Kingdom.

It is Priceless in its Opportunity.

Sin shows itself in the streets and is, consequently, the easier to attack. There the drunkard staggers, there the outcast wanders, there the neglected children gather, there the degraded, the hard, the indifferent, the broken hearted, the scold, the gambler, the oppressor, the thief, and the harlot pass to and fro. I don't suppose there is an open-air ever conducted in the cities or towns but that each class here mentioned is represented, if only by one, and if the meeting to them is but as an object passed by, they have been met on their black march, and faced with the eternal truths of salvation and judgment, heaven and hell. If it has only been as a lightning flash, or a thunderclap, they have met it, heard it, seen it, if nothing more. It has impressed them with the fact that there is somebody about who believes in God and can find satisfaction in goodness. They have been reminded of the soul worth looking after and saving. They have caught the thread of a holy song which will, anyway, last till the bottom of the street. They have realized that there are a people who have the wicked on their heart, and faith in the truth of what they speak, the great ability of God to save, and the mercy of Christ to

(Continued on page 12.)



Beginning to Break.

Berlin.—The faithful few have been reinforced by two during the last two weeks. The enemy's ranks are beginning to break, and the victory shall be won through prayer, faith, hard work, and perseverance.—Lieuts. Aiken and McCall.

Well Done!

Brooklyn.—"Hello, Central, give me Brooklyn. Is that you, Lieut. Marshall? Oh, just beautiful."
"How is your corps getting on?"
"The corps is doing well."
"Do you have good meetings?"
"Yes, lively times; the soldiers are full of fire."
"I understand you had a tea and entertainment. Did you have a good time?"

"We had a fine time. My father was with us, from Brockbridge, also Eugene Sherwin and Lieut. Sheppard, of Bowmanville, and D. O. Grant and Capt. Marshall, of Oshawa. We mean to go in for greater things."
"Well, I am glad you like Brooklyn, and to hear that you are doing well. Good-bye."

When, Where, and What.

Burlington.—On Thursday night we had a When, Where, and What meeting. The comrades and friends told us what their first thoughts of the Salvation Army were, and what it had done for them. We all enjoyed the different testimonies very much, and God's presence was felt. One brother got the victory over the tobacco habit. The meetings are well attended. Praise the Lord! Two dear boys told up their hands for prayer. The soldiers are on fire for souls, and believing for an outpouring of God's Spirit during the Siege.—Lieut. M. Langley.

Returned After Six Years.

Campbellford.—Good meetings all day Sunday. God came in power and blessed us. One Junior was saved, also a sister, who had been a backslider for six years, returned to the fold. May God bless them.—A Soldier.

Golden Gates Ajar.

Campbenton.—One soul since last report. We had a special meeting, called "Golden Gates Ajar," on Thursday night, which proved very interesting. Although the town is snowed under, a faithful few are going on to fight in the trench, and believe that ere the Siege is over we shall report many victories.—Hadd.

He Brought Another Soul.

Clark's Beach.—The fight has been a little up-hill, but we can about victory. On Thursday night we visited the outpost. God came very near and blessed us, and two precious souls joined at the Mercy Seat. One had been a backslider for about twelve months. After he got the blessing, he led another soul to the cross. Praise the Lord!—M. Shute, Lieut.

The Lord's Camp-ground.

Devil's Lake.—Dear Ned, Good times again down here at the Lake. This week's gone well in the Lord's favor. We're still holding their mid-trait, and their devil's bluffs or join their whizzer. Next week I'm thinking I'll break camp, as we'll have him on the run with his foot in the sling. Nothing else'll satisfy us, 'cause this is a range belongs to the Lord, and we must use it for Him; as I'm thinking more long this is the Devil's Lake, be the Lord's camp-ground for sure. Eugene Stalger was born at his place of Kionizya weather, last Friday, and it went fine. Big crowd. "Toby" dropped below zero, and so bad after all; if they do have to import it from Canada. Brigadier

Southell is billed for Devil's Lake for next Saturday and Sunday.—Buckskin Brady.

Enjoyable Drive and Meeting.

Temple.—Through the enterprising efforts of our worthy officer and his able assistants, the soldiers of the Temple corps were treated to a sleigh drive to East Toronto on a recent Friday evening. The drive was not only enjoyed by the many privileged ones, but the meeting held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall there was a real blessing to all. Adjt. McAmmond was in charge, and behind him on the platform were seated several officers, amongst whom were Mrs. McAmmond, Staff-Captains H. and F. Morris, Adjt. and Mrs. Atwell, Ensigns Taylor and Easton, and many others, as well as the Temple Band. Several musical selections, both brass and string, also solos, duets, trios, quartets, etc., were rendered during the evening. Mrs. McAmmond, Ensign Taylor (who was stationed in East Toronto eleven years ago), and several others spoke. The testimony meeting led by Adjt. McAmmond, was a real lively affair. The meeting over, we partook of some refreshments, after which the return drive was commenced. In all, about seventy-five or eighty soldiers and friends helped to fill the three big vans. Before closing this report we must say something about the great kindness of Mr. Cook, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, and his assistant, who did everything possible both to make the meeting a success and the evening an enjoyable one. We all unite in wishing them much success in their work.—G. W. P.

New Opening—Eight Souls.

Benson Circle.—We have just opened Frattford with two weeks' revival meetings. Eight souls, Christians blessed, some good cases of conversion, and one for holiness. We now go to Littlejohns for two weeks. We are all encouraged in the Lord. We shall know no defeat while we trust in God.—rank C. Hunt, C.O.

Stand by the Flag.

Forest.—We are still fighting the battles of the Lord, although under some what difficult circumstances. We have no hall to hold meetings in, but we have a few blood-and-fire soldiers who mean to stand by the dear old flag. We are endeavoring to secure a building of our own. Adjt. Coombs, our D.O., paid us a visit last week and cheered our hearts.—W. E. Plant, Capt.

Through Wind and Snow.

Galt.—We have just closed another good week-end. The band turned out in spite of wind and snow, and it was quite amusing to see them come to a halt on the street, with the exception of one, who was having a chase after his cap, which had blown off. However, we arrived safely back to the hall, and had good meetings, both afternoon and night. During the night meeting three souls came to the cross. Others are anxious, and have held up their hands for prayer.—Capt. and Mrs. F. Burton.

Bound to Have Victory.

Gloucester.—Soldiers all on fire to see the work go on. Three souls for the week—income, \$53. Adjt. McLean is on the move. He will go around his District for the small sum of ten cents. We are bound to have victory, and get poor sinners converted. We are looking forward to this Siege being one of the best.—J. P. Murphy.

Packed to the Door.

Great Falls.—Do you know Captain Wainwright? Well, she was stationed here for nine months, and three months ago left to take a well-earned

rest at her home. She came back last Saturday and stayed over Sunday. We had a fine time. She played her banjo till it almost talked. The hall was packed to the door. Bro. Johnstone, after being a good soldier for eleven months, transferred for New Whatcom, where he goes as Probationary-Captain. Capt. Walruth goes to B. C. Since last report four more have plunged in the cleansing stream. Glory to Jesus! We are believing for a great revival. The officers are all of faith. Adjt. Yerex sang a French song the other evening, then translated it into English, and the people were delighted.—Jumping Jack.

Six Prisoners Captured.

Hamilton II.—At the above corps we are proving that God can save to the uttermost all who will come unto Him. On Sunday, at knee-drill, we obtained the blessing of Him who is able to help those who are in sin and darkness. In the holiness meeting God came very near and touched our hearts. "Enoch walked with God," was the subject, and we believe it was made a blessing to all. The free-assembly was a time of freedom and praise. Mothers, Moore and Curry were there, and God gave the glory. At the night meeting we all felt it was good to be there. Capt. Bell sang a solo, and Capt. Bowron said a few words of farewell. We trust the Captain will be made a blessing to all in her new appointment—Ottawa. The writer closed, "Come to Him while you may." During a well-thought prayer meeting three made their way to the front and found mercy, making six prisoners since last Thursday. Our plans are already laid for the Siege, and we are looking forward to a successful battle.—Froggie.

Two Souls—Faith High.

Heart's Delight.—We are having good times, and our faith runs high for a revival. On Sunday God came very near, and two souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. Conviction was stamped on many other faces, and we are believing for them soon. Our soldiers are all alive and full of faith. They know how to fight. God bless them. Our War Cry is sold out weekly.—L. Hebbeth, Capt.

The Converts at Work.

Helena.—The converts are doing a splendid work for God and souls. It is good to see them sell the Cry and attend the knee-drills and open-air. They are most anxious to get their chums converted. Sunday was a glorious day, and while Ensign Sheard poured real Holy Ghost shot into the enemy's ranks sinners trembled, and conviction was sent home. Two souls surrendered, and are taking a bold stand for God and the flag. The revival fire is burning, and God is being very gracious to us.—Nightingale.

Memorial Service.

Huron St.—The memorial service of our departed comrade, Mrs. Hillard, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, on Sunday night last, will not soon be forgotten. God's presence was with us, and two souls made up their mind to meet our sister in heaven, where there is no parting.—G. M. Howard.

One Volunteer.

Leiston.—God's power is being made manifest in our midst, and our prayers are being answered. On Wednesday night our hearts rejoiced over one precious soul volunteering for salvation.—S. M. Sumpter.

Very Interesting.

Lighthouses.—Our meeting Sunday morning was very interesting. Although we were not favored with a

large crowd of soldiers, as many of our dear comrades are yet God came very near. Bro. Taylor, from No. 11, assisted greatly, with a good, straight salvation talk to the dear men, who drank in every word. Then we were favored with that grand old song from one of the crowd, "O, God, send a mother's prayer," after which God's Word was read, and a very earnest appeal made to the crowd to give their hearts to God. One man raised his hand for prayer.—Ensign Wm. Parsons.

Ready for the Siege.

Kentville.—Crowds are getting better, finances growing, interest increasing. Soldiers getting in trim for the Siege. One soul last night. We are encouraged to trust God and keep on fighting.—A. Jess, R.C.

Many Tears.

Mission.—Last Monday night Major and Mrs. Hargrave were with us. We had a good crowd and a splendid meeting. Mrs. Hargrave's singing was fine, and their appeals to sinners brought tears to many eyes.—J. H. F. R.C.

She Went for Joy.

Moncton.—Adjt. Byers is leading us on to victory. We have had some good conversions. Last week three backsliders came home. One of them had been Sergt. Major in this corps. As our humble servant told about his return, one of the soldiers burst out weeping, and said, "Oh, I am so glad! This is the best news I have heard for a long time." S. M. Mrs. Armstrong, from St. John V., has spent a month here, and has been a great help and blessing to both officers and soldiers.—Louis, the Norwegian.

Two Souls—Dust Gone.

Montreal II.—God is helping us. On Sunday night two precious souls sought salvation. Our meetings are well attended. We have wiped out a debt of twenty-five dollars for coal. We are still believing for better things.—E. Magee, Capt.

The Gospel Ship.

Musgravetown.—On Thursday night we held a Gospel Ship meeting. Although the weather was very unfavorable, the people came from far and near, and were not disappointed. At the close of the meeting many were heard to say it was the best special meeting we have had, and they would like to have it repeated. Capt. Bagg and Lieut. Morgan can be depended upon as true Salvationists.—One of the Crew.

Six Souls—Interest Increasing.

Neepawa.—Capt. Gamble welcomed good meetings on Sunday. Finances good. One soul, interest increasing. Five souls at Wednesday night's meeting; wound up at eleven o'clock, tired but happy. Hallelujah!—Capt. Livingston.

Victory During the Siege.

Newport.—Glad to say since coming, here we have had the joy of seeing a few at the Mercy Seat. We are believing for victory during the Siege. Praise God!—Capt. Thompson.

One of the Few.

North Head.—We had a good one on Saturday night at our musical festival. A few appropriate dedications were given, and everybody was pleased. Many asked where there would be another. Yesterday (Sunday) was very stormy, and our crowds were small, but out of the few at the night meeting, one man knelt at the feet of Jesus, etc. We are believing for more in the near future.—Capt. J. Richards, C.O.

Hammering at the

Ogdensburg.—We have been hammering at the stone for some time, but, thank God, it is about to break. On Thursday the joy of seeing two at the cross. They are now going in for a "Lord, send a revival," etc.—Ash, Capt.

Welcoming the Ch

Oshawa.—We have had in the interests of Our War Cry are so week. Staff-Capt. Cass for a welcome meeting Feb. 3rd. Although there was snowstorm, the Staff-Capt. and we had a good time. The crowd was large, and was born into the Kingdom.—C. H. B.

Dedication and S

Pictou.—Since last report we have been blessing us. The vivallians have come and feel sure they were made meeting to the town. At the meeting the infant child Mrs. Pugh was dedicated to the Army, and thirteen the feet of Jesus. We are to say that our dear Lord is very weak in body, but we believe that God him to health and strength.—Bide.

Alive and Ac

Prince Albert.—God is with us. We are having good times high for a smash this winter. The active here as elsewhere be unto God who gives through our Lord Jesus Christ. Albert corps is alive and we are going in to win of our King. The place are hungering for believe God is going to spiritual appetites. Firebreather.

A Comrade Fare

St. Catharines.—Since last, our comrades, Sec. O. we'll for the field. We to part with her, as faithful soldier of our great help in our junior class will miss her very pray that God will bless new work.—Corps-Cadet.

Fifty-One in Three

Springhill.—God is working here. The past two have had the joy of seeing souls at the Mercy Seat and fifteen for the blessing heart. Our soldiers are God and souls, and we good time during the Siege to make it hot. "God and souls," is our Ensign Cooper.

Still Progress

St. George's, Ber.—W time on Sunday, when and Corps-Cadet New, a corps, came to assist, and singing were enjoyed that came to hear their work is still progressing large number of children meetings which are set. May God bless them. Prince, who is anxious for welfare of this work.—Corps-Cadet.

A Good Wi

St. Johnsbury.—Ma Capt. Abrow did a S during the eight days. All would have been vital had been longer, and they help, and pray that God will accomplish much work be called. On Sunday spoke at the Methodist Y.M.C.A. in addition to the Army. Convicted many. One young man woman knelt and gave the Lord, a few tears for prayer, but many Spirit's call, and "Woe! Saving come in." We continue quite well, but the pain. Pray for us.

Hammering at the Stone.

Ogdensburg.—We have been hammering at the stone for quite a long time, but, thank God, it is beginning to break. On Thursday night we had the joy of seeing two precious souls at the cross. They are precious true. We are going in for greater things. "Lord, send a revival," is our cry.—S. Ash, Capt.

Welcoming the Chancellor.

Oshawa.—We have been working hard in the interests of the Kingdom. Our War Cry are sold out every week. Staff-Capt. Cass was with us for a welcome meeting on Monday, Feb. 3rd. Although there was a great snowstorm, the Staff-Captain arrived, and we had a good time. One backslider sought God, and another soul was born into the Kingdom on Sunday.—C. H. B.

Dedication and Salvation.

Pictou.—Since last report God has been blessing. The Red-hot Revivalists have come and gone, and we feel sure they were made a great blessing to the town. At their farewell meeting the infant child of Ensign and Mrs. Page was dedicated to God and the Army, and thirteen souls knelt at the feet of Jesus. We are very sorry to say that our dear Ensign is still very weak in body, but we are praying and believing that God will restore him to health and strength again.—Ethie.

Alive and Active.

Prince Albert.—God is with us, and we are having good times. Our faith runs high for a smash in the devil's ranks this winter. The devil is as active here as elsewhere, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, Prince Albert corps is alive and active, and we are going in to win in the name of our King. The soldiers of this place are hungering for souls, and we believe God is going to satisfy our spiritual appetites. —Hallelujah Freeman.

A Comrade Farewells.

Liverside.—Since last report one of our comrades, Sec. Oak, has far-welcomed for the field. We were sorry to part with her, as she has been a faithful soldier of our corps, and a great help in our Junior work. Her class will miss her very much. We pray that God will bless her in her new work.—Corps-Cadet McCarney.

Fifty-One in Three Weeks.

Springhill.—God is blessing our work here. The past three weeks we have had the joy of seeing thirty-six souls at the Mercy Seat for salvation, and fifteen for the blessing of a clean heart. Our soldiers are all on fire for God and souls, and we are in for a good time during the Siege. We are going to make it hot for the devil. "God and souls," is our battlecry.—Ensign Cooper.

Still Progressing.

St. George's, B.C.—We had a great time on Sunday, when Cand. White and Corps-Cadet New, of the Hamilton corps, came to assist. Their speaking and singing were enjoyed by the crowd that came to hear them. Our Junior work is still progressing, and quite a large number of children attend the meetings which are set apart for them. May God bless them, and help Capt. Prince, who is anxious concerning the welfare of this work.—A. B. Astill, Corps-Cadet.

A Good Work.

St. Johnsbury.—Major Galt and Capt. Johnson did a good work here during the eight days of their stay. All would have been glad if their visit had been longer, but other places need their help, and we hope and pray that God will enable them to accomplish much wherever they may be called. On Sunday the Major spoke at the Methodist Church and the Y.M.C.A., in addition to her work at the Army. Conviction rested on many. One young man and one young woman knelt and gave themselves to the Lord, a few raised their hands for prayer, but many said "no" to the Spirit's call. "What will the Lord's Saviour come in," Mrs. Crego still continues quite ill, but her trust is in the Saviour.—Pray for us.—W. C. R.

OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

THE SAVED RANCHER.

By CAPT. HARKIRK.

"TOM" LITTLEFORD, now Sergt.-Major of the Medicine Hat Corps, was captured from the enemy's ranks on January 1st, 1900. Previous to this time he was very enthusiastic for the devil, being bound by his chains and fettered by evil desires; he was unable to do those things that were right, and so he went on, caring little for God, or his own soul, until convicted of his sins in the Salvation Army Barracks. Of course, he never thought of joining the S. A., in fact, on several occasions he made fun of it and their methods and uniforms. But, like many others, he caught the "fever," and is now as energetic in it as the oldest and most enthusiastic Salvationist. His greatest pleasure in the world was the billiard-room and saloon, but God has taken away all desires for such places and amusements, for which he rejoices greatly.

The Sergeant-Major is a Rancher.

Living six miles from Medicine Hat, and has been here for 13 years. During this time God has truly blessed and prospered him, and today, if you were to visit his ranch, you would find a considerable number of horses, cattle, pigs, etc., etc., which have fed on the hills and valleys, which are so numerous in this country, and you would be compelled to say that they are all very creditable to any rancher.

He was driving home after attending the "watch-night" service two years ago, and the Spirit of God so took hold of him that he promised God, if he was spared to go to the barracks again, he would get saved. True to his promise, the next night he went to the penitent form, and there he was broken the chains of sin set him free, and ever since he has been going on, and has proved a mighty blessing to his comrades, and also in his home. He was Secretary of the Corps for one year, and is now Sergt.-Major, and although living six miles from town, you can see him quite regularly at his post of duty.

His Influence at Home.

The following shall prove that he has been faithful in his home.—About

More a Desperate Service.

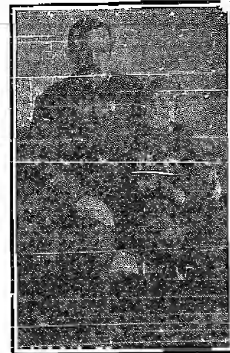
St. John I.—God has been showing Himself strong on our behalf. We are having splendid crowds, and quite a number have sought Christ, some of whom are returning to give God the glory. On Thursday night we had a musical meeting, led by Staff-Captain Howell, which was a great success. The hall was well crowded, and everyone seemed perfectly satisfied. On Monday night the hall was again packed to the doors, and one sister found salvation. Tuesday night we had one of the best meetings the writer has ever attended. One precious soul plunged into the fountain. We have pledged ourselves for more desperate service, and we mean to conquer.—A Soldier.

After the Music.

St. Stephen.—We are having good times here. During the past week three have met at the Mercy Seat. On Thursday night we had a united musical meeting. The guitar and violin solos and duets were much enjoyed by all, and one young man came to the Saviour. On Sunday afternoon Capt. Martin enrolled five recruits. The hall was filled and much interest was manifested.—Soldier.

Temple Victories.

Last week was a specially successful one at the Temple. Our converts are coming along well. The meetings held for them on Tuesday nights are real live affairs, and are attended by large numbers. Ensign McClelland is working very hard to assist those who have recently started in the good way. The meetings on Sunday were seasons of rich blessing. One man sought Christ at the mercy seat, one of two more in the afternoon, and one at night. The first volunteer at night was a backslider, who has been a wanderer for many years. He came



Sergt.-Major Littleford, Medicine Hat, N.W.T.

two months ago his little daughter gave her heart to God, followed by his elder sister two weeks after. The latter again was followed by her mother in three weeks' time, and to-day the whole family are fighting as good soldiers in the Corps. They are a happy family, and why shouldn't they be? For it only proves that God will bless and honor them who honor Him, and the blessing of God maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. They are all happy in the night, and determined to be faithful unto death.

The Sergeant-Major's eldest daughter is the Young Soldier correspondent, and has just recently become a Corps-Cadet. I am sending the Sergeant-Major's photograph, with his little boy, "Tommy," who is a young soldier, although only six years old, and wears his S's and badge regularly. The Sergeant-Major's testimony is: "I'm satisfied with Jesus here. He is everything to me. It has been my privilege to visit the Sergeant-Major's home, and also to be his officer, and I can truthfully say that he is always willing to do his best for God and the Corps.—"Heck."

out while the opening song was being given out, and a sister followed him. Lieut. Price, who was passing through from Winnipeg, on her way to a new appointment, assisted. Her remarks with reference to dear Mother Langtry's death were listened to very attentively. Mother was much loved by the Temple soldiers, and her influence was always for good. The band rendered very efficient service, and were ably assisted by several of the Headquarters boys. Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond are hard workers. The special Siege effort was received in a most enthusiastic manner, and we are going in to make it a successful campaign.—G. W. P.

Still Advancing.

Stratford.—The work here is still advancing under the able leadership of Ensign Crawford and Capt. Sitzer. We had a visit from Major McMillan and Staff-Capt. Rawling, who conducted an enrolment of soldiers, commissioning of Local Officers, and dedication of children. The Major read a few verses from Ephesians, 1st chapter, dealing especially with the words, "Called to be an apostle."—J. Bate-man.

Through Snowbanks.

Sudbury.—The Harmonic Revivalists have paid us a visit. The weather was very stormy, but the people came through snowbanks to hear the party. Best of all, four souls came to Jesus. It was hard work to get home from the meeting on Sunday night. The wind blew all night, and all day on Monday, and the snow was so deep that there was no getting around for two days. The people were very sorry that Ensign Bloor could not give his lecture on the Klonayke. The Revivalists were snowed in for two days, some of them in one place and some in another.—John Drake.

THE HARVESTERS AT TRURO.

I was telling you last week that we had the machinery on the train to leave Fort-Robert. Well, there was a great crowd of soldiers and converts around the railroad bidden to see us soon away. It was hard to leave them, but we must hurry on to Truro. The conductor said, "All aboard, and off we go," but we thought, soon we were not going to start Truro meetings till Friday, that we had better stop off at Springhill, to see the kind people there, and go to the Army meeten. Well, sir, when we come to the station, what a crowd was there? We were glad to see them all again, and best of all were kept so well saved. "What's that big crowd comen up the street?" said a prominent man to a Salvationist. "Is it a hockey team?"

"No, sir, it's the Salvation Army," said he. Well, we went to the Army meeten, and what a great meeten that was—forty-two on the march, big crowd inside, platform full of red-hot Salvationists, four souls in the fountain, and a witness with a hallelujah dance around the dear old Army flag. Ensign and Mrs. Cooper, with the comrades, are in for great victories at the hands of God.

We left by the eleven o'clock train for Truro, and arrived all right. Capt. Smith met us on the railway platform. The Captain had our machinery hauled up to the Army bidden, and there we found Lieut. Strothers as busy as could be fryen beef stake for our dinner. We soon felt quite at home in the Army officers' house, which is very comfortable indeed.

We had a look around the harvest field. Truro is a nice-looking town, and a great many people live in it, but a dear old preacher said to us on the street, "There is so many have lost their love for Jesus."

We went to work on Friday night, in a solemn meeten. I got a warm welcome by the officers and soldiers, had a good meeten, and one man gave himself fully up to God for the harvest. We had a good time on Saturday night. The soldiers rallied up well for open-air and march, and there was a nice crowd inside. We opened fire on Sunday morning at 7 a.m.; had a good knee-drill, good business meeten, and one man came to Jesus. We had a grand march and open-air in the afternoon. J. McKelvey, of the New Glasgow corps, spoke well, also a stranger from Halifax stepped into the ring and spoke well of the seven and keepon power of God. After singing and speaking by different members of the Troupe, we marched on to the Victoria Hall, where a grand crowd greeted us. The meeten was a 1. Mrs. McKelvey spoke well from the Bible, and many hearts were won. The meeten at night was splendid. Twenty-five on the march, open-air, good crowd inside, \$7.50 income. Ensign McKelvey handled his subject well. The Spirit of God took hold of many hearts, and one backslider came home to Jesus.

We believe the revival, which we expect to break out, has already begun in many hearts, and the break will soon come. We will be here some eight days yet, and expect many victories. The harvesters are in good trim.—Farmer Tom.

Twenty Souls in Two Weeks.

Twillingate.—We give to Jesus glory for the good work that is being done here. During the past two weeks twenty souls have stepped into the light of God's salvation. Our house-to-house visiting is carried on when the weather permits, and the work on the quaters is going forward. Bros. Roberts and Young, the carpenters, are doing well. A. D. R.S.M.F.

Two Young Men.

Victoria.—Some souls have been saved, and we are having good times. One man came home to Jesus last Sunday night, and cried for pardon, and another young man sought the Saviour last night. We were glad to have Adj. McGill, with us for two nights, and Ensign Andrews, gave us a magnificent lantern service, which we enjoyed very much. We are now looking forward to the Major's visit.—Cadet L. McCormick.

THE SIEGE.

(Continued from page 9.)

forgive, and doubtless numbers say that, should the storms beat too wildly, they will run to that harbor to hide. This is saying the least—this is the smallest effect of the open-air meeting, referring to those to whom it is as an object passed by.

Again, the opportunity of open-air work is exceptional in the fact that meetings there are frequently far more effective than those conducted in halls; while there are some circumstances against their immediate results, there are undoubtedly others very strongly in their favor. Many there hear the Gospel who would never hear it anywhere else. They are not so hardened in sin as those who are generally the most desperate class of sinners, they are not always the most difficult to reach. This accounts for the fact that our greatest trophies of grace, as a people, have been won in the streets.

Again, those who are there are generally there alone—not always, but generally—and we all know what a much greater chance God has with the soul when it is in solitude, away from companions, relations, and friends; with none to nudge the elbow when a deep impression is made, or laugh when the tear starts.

Too, the gray shades of a waning evening, or the darkness of a winter night, are conducive to strengthen the convictions which fasten upon the soul; and away from the light and conventionality of an inside meeting, the sinner will throw off any attempt to hide his true condition. When memories are stirred and mercy's story told, should the lips tremble and the tears fall, it is not so likely that the fear of detection will stifle the precious feelings which prompt them, which is so often the case in a lighted building. A sinner can think over his past without troubling as to how he looks while he does it. Oh, the priceless, incalculable worth of these open-air opportunities! Now, while they have been so signally helpful in the past, I want to ask the soldiers of this Territory, do we make one-half the use of them to-day that we ought? Do we seize the chance they represent with that earnestness, zeal, and enthusiasm their value demands? Do the soldiers leave it all to the officers, and the officers leave it all to the soldiers? The open-air is the battle in which officers and soldiers should link hand in hand, each taking an equal share in the fight, and, if anything, the soldiers should have the greater. It is their training-ground, their battlefield, their fight, their opportunity of helping to turn the tide of the current of evil, and lift the world to God. It is into this meeting the soldiers should put much thought and prayer, as to the most effective truth to declare, the most touching story to tell, the most convincing song to sing, the most pleading prayer to exhort, and the best way to win a sinner for Jesus, and make a warrior for the flag. If the true purpose of our open-air is to be realized, my soldiers, we must, at least, look upon them as being of equal value and importance as the inside meeting, and deserving of as much thought, judgment, earnestness and prayer.

A soldier, in order to discharge his full duty regarding an open-air meeting, should give careful attention to one or two points.

FIRST, TO BE ON TIME. His being late may make the meeting late in starting, and a quarter of an hour lost in the beginning can never be made up—it rushes and cramps things the whole way through. The excuse that some comrade-soldier is always late is no argument in favor of your falling into the same error. You will never bring a man up to your good ways by going down to his bad ones.

TWO, REMEMBER THE PURPOSE OF THE MEETING—that it is exactly the same as a Sunday night—the conversion of sinners. Not merely to draw attention and make a noise—noise can be very helpful, and very hurtful; not merely to exercise the muscles of the drummer, although the drum is invaluable in these gatherings; not merely to keep the regulation and spend an hour in outdoor service, but for the great purpose, with its far-reaching issues of eternal consequences for which Christ was crucified on an open hill, on a very dark day, for the salvation of the soul. Oh, if you have only spoken a word that will hang eternal in some sky, or sung a song which will float in some ear, or stirred a memory which will fan to a flame repentance, that meeting will be abundantly worth while.

THREE, PREPARE SOMETHING TO SAY. I think that officers would be able to rely upon a little more help from the rank and file in this direction, if soldiers would make some preparation for their personal share in these meetings. A little forethought would make speakers of many who have hitherto been too nervous to take any public part. It requires less courage to speak what is already in the mind than to rely upon the inspiration of the moment, when, to a timid nature, the very effort of coming to the front may paralyze the imagination, and prevent consecutive thought, while to those who are accustomed to speaking, how much more convincing will their remarks be if they are the outcome of previous thought! It is a mistake to go to a meeting without having the least idea of what you are going to do, say, or sing. It is taking from the hand of God a mighty opportunity and throwing it behind your back; it is standing in the gate of the enemy as a useless ornament, instead of an opposing force; it is abusing our best draw for a congregation in the barracks, and is liable to make us appear uninteresting, and to have little ability. Instead of attractive and able, in the interests of the needy, the sad, the hopeless, and the wrong, which gather around our waving flag, in small numbers and in large numbers, I would plead with every soldier who comes within reach of this blessed opportunity, to have some message ready, some text, some touching story, some point in the mind which can be brought out and used to advantage.

FOUR, JOIN IN THE SINGING. One of the grandest, most appealing, most tender, most permanent persuasive agencies in our open-air demonstrations has been our singing. It has attracted thousands and tens of thousands; it has lingered in saving influence with thousands and tens of thousands on to the shores of saving grace. There is scarcely one of us that cannot remember the song which helped our trembling feet to take that step to Jesus. We cannot hear it now but that it wakes up the old gratitude for the shedding of His blood to cover our transgressions. As we doing as much to-day with our singing in the streets as we used to do in the days of long ago? Sometimes I am afraid not, and I have been wondering if it would not be a grand thing for all the soldiers in the Territory to make a new start in this direction, and let us see, during this Siege, how many sinners we can sing into the Kingdom.

You know there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, great and small.

There is a right and a wrong way of eating your dinner—one brings satisfaction, the other indigestion.

There is a right and a wrong way of governing a nation—one brings commercial prosperity, the other revolution.

There is a right and a wrong way of scrubbing a floor—one is profitable, the other is wasteful.

There is a right and a wrong way of controlling an army—one brings order, and the other confusion.

Why should there not be a right and a wrong way of singing? and why, apart from study and care, should we not be likely to fall into the wrong way of doing it as in all other matters?

To help towards this right way of singing I would say: (a) Sing heartily. I do not mean by this, make a great deal of sound, but I mean that you should sing with all your heart. In other words, put your heart into what you sing. This will be sure to give a spirit and feeling to the song which will make it to arrest attention, as well as to make a helpful impression when it has done so. Listlessness manifested in singing is damaging and, as well, cruel. It is disheartening to the leader of the meeting, and it is likely to make those who stand for a moment around the ring think you are too lazy to do that small part for their saving, energetically and well. (b) Try and sing suitably to the immediate song—that is, if it is of the nature of "Just as I am," or "Rock of Ages," or "You never can tell when the death-bell's tolling," sing it with as much expression and pathos as is possible, being careful to keep a steady time. If you are singing "And when I reach those pearly gates," sing it with a buoyancy which gives all to feel there is nothing so glorious as being on your way to heaven. (c) Never forget all the way through to try and sing the words distinctly; songs, of which the words cannot be heard, do little, if any, good. (d) Follow the leader, no matter who that leader may be. This is the only way of keeping together, keeping any kind of time, and of singing with any effect. (e) Sing softly when asked. The effect of a heart-stirring song, sung softly by a group of soldiers, although it may be small, is magnetic, and is often more prevailing than a whole sermon preached. And lastly on this point I would say, sing always, join in, begin as soon as the verse or chorus is started. Do not wait, as is the case with so many, until the song is half through, but start at the commencement, and sing right away to the end. If you can be neglectful in this respect in the barracks, I beseech you to give it your most hearty, most enthusiastic, assistance in the street, remembering that when singing you are charging upon the enemy's forces with a heavy artillery.

FIVE, BE IN EARNEST. You cannot be too careful to manifest that earnestness which declares your unwavering belief in the great truths you speak; your belief in the horrors of guilt, with all its terrible consequences; in the judgment, with all its great realities; in heaven, with all its glories; in hell, with all its terrors; in the love of Calvary's Lamb, with its limitless mercy to forgive, and ability to save. A general attitude of earnestness in those who take part in the meeting will bring a much weightier influence to bear upon the crowd than any other impression can do.

Guard against any useless chattering around the ring—idle conversations one with another. The devil too often steals in through this loophole, and carries the whole thing his way, destroying any atom of feeling that might have gone for good.

SIX, SEEK TO BE MILITARY IN YOUR APPEARANCE. We are a military organization, and the three great rules governing military attire are cleanliness, tidiness, and uniformity. I know, for various reasons, soldiers cannot always attain the week-night open-air in full uniform. In many cases they come straight from their work, and have not the time to make the change. But I do think we should always seek to be both clean and tidy: to have the jacket brushed, the shoe-laces tied, the buttons sewn on, for do they hang upon one thread, we may be looked upon as a one-thread Christian.

Lastly, I would say, let all we do in the streets—our songs, our prayers, our words, our march—unite in the one desperate effort for the salvation of the sinner. Let salvation on the spot be the end of every outdoor meeting. The drumbeat, or a borrowed chair, under the open stretch of a witnessing sign, makes an excellent place, with fitting surroundings, for the registering of the names of the pardoned in the Lamb's Book of Life.



How I Became

We stood talking
few minutes after the



looking at me, said, "I just prepared you. I had knocked about the saying is, for a going about from one making it my home my cap. When I came I saw the A march on several occasions, venturing inside until before I got saved. I very much with their smens, and the Capt small man with bl spared himself in try meetings go lively, and ship, and jump form made me think kind of religion; ju in the Word of G in the wrong, and ing more interested One Sunday afterno out so more, and Spirit.

I had been on the month when the Capt about being an officer, head and said, "You m Captain." We said went home thinking been said, I turned in my mind, and after of scenes for not be came to the conclusi tain had made a mis no more about it ut facevelled, and shak hand said a few wor ment to me, and s coming into the Garri soon.

The new officers c they would not say about field work, so I er than ever, making could do more as a Captain asked me if I application for the w dered what it all mea God's way of calling I felt worked up abou about it, and said, "I give me some othe weakness in such a there was a burning fight for God and so made up my mind I would open, I would I was now four m and was counting the when I would be rea training.

My right eye troubl noon, and in three d totally blind. I went and the doctors told to be blind altogether ably get well in a yea

The devil, ecclng hit me very hard, and if God had wanted me have allowed me to be babes of sinning into months went by afte day, being able to see one eye. I found my barracks. The new o with an about a wro said, "I suppose you field if your eyes wo I avoided very much this line. I wanted up for me, and felt t time; but the way o than I expected. I ha few words to show to God may call you, or ju, the devil may w in every way to bre ing; but don't give in the door for you if you in His care and still Don't look for any come to pass before God may never give than His Spirit, and to convince anyone.

How I Became an Officer.

We stood talking together for a few minutes after the meeting was over, the Captain and I, and then I watched him as he went from one lamp to another, putting the lights out with his cap. As he was about to put out the last light he stopped and, looking at me, said, "I think the Lord is just preparing you for an officer."

I had known about the world, as the saying is, for a number of years, going about from one place to another, making it my home wherever I hung my cap. When I came to the town of the march on several occasions, but never ventured inside until about three weeks before I got saved. They amused me very much with their halicujahs and amens, and the Captain, who was a small man with big lungs, never spared himself in trying to make his meetings go lively, and his occasional hop, skip, and jump across the platform made me think it was the wrong form made me think it was the wrong kind of religion; but when he spoke from the Word of God I felt I was in the wrong, and came again, becoming more interested about my soul. One Sunday afternoon I could hold out no more, and yielded to God's Spirit.

I had been on the way about a month, when the Captain spoke to me about being an officer, but I shook my head and said, "You must be mistaken, Captain." We said good-night, and I went home thinking over what had been said. I turned the matter over in my mind, and after finding plenty of excuses for not being an officer, I came to the conclusion that the Captain had made a mistake. I thought no more about it until the Captain farwelled, and shaking me by the hand said a few words of encouragement to me, and something about coming into the Garrison for training soon.

The new officers came, and I thought they would not say anything to me about field work, so I pitched in hard as they ever, making up my mind I could do more as a soldier. The new Captain asked me if I had sent in my application for the work, and I wondered what it all meant, and what this God's way of calling me into the work. I felt worked up about it and prayed about it, and asked God to show me or give me some other way of knowing His will. I felt my inability and weakness in such a step, but there was a burning desire in me to fight for God and souls, so I partly made up my mind that if the way would open, I would go.

I was now four months a soldier, and was counting the months to go by when I would be ready to come into training. My right eye troubled me one afternoon, and in three days' time I was totally blind. I went to the hospital, and the doctors told me I was likely to be blind altogether and would probably get well in a year.

The devil, seeing a good chance, hit me very hard, and made me believe if God had wanted me He never would have allowed me to be blind. I gave up hopes of coming into the work. Four months went by after this, and one day, being able to see a little out of one eye, I found my way over to the barracks. The new officers had been with us about a week. The Captain said, "I suppose you would be in the field if your eyes would allow you." I saved very much conversation on this line. I wanted the way to open up for me, and felt it would be a long time; but the way opened up sooner than I expected. I have written these few words to show to others that when God may call you, or if He has called you, the devil may work against you in every way to break up your coming; but don't give up, God will open the door for you if you try to open yourself in His care and still hold your own.

Don't look for you to give yourself to come to pass before you are positive. God may never give you any other thing His Spirit, and that is sufficient to convince anyone. If the barriers

look mountains high, God still wants you, and the mountains are only intended for your own good, to help you. —Lieut. Ogilvie.

OVER JORDAN.

CALLED HOME.

Leamington.—We are sorry to report the death of Brother and Sister Dawson's son. He has been a great sufferer for many months, but we have not a doubt he is now in heaven, where there is no more pain, with the Saviour he so much loved. The picture of Christ hung at the foot of his bed, and he said if he recovered he would not take anything for it, for he loved to look at it. He knew it was his Master.

At the memorial service one brother came to Jesus. Brother and Sister Dawson spoke of the bright testimony he left, and by God's grace they are going to meet him in heaven. The bereaved ones have our sympathy. —Mrs. Capt. Coy.

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Hants Harbor.—On Tuesday, Jan. 28th, death entered the home of our comrade, Mrs. Smith, and took a beloved son from their embrace. Just as the old year was dying out, so health and vigor left our brother, and he realized that he, too, would soon have to meet his God. He relied unto God, and was forgiven of his past. For over three weeks he suffered. As the end was drawing near, he asked his backbones father if he would pray and give himself to God, feeling that he couldn't die until he would. The broken-hearted father prayed, and rose, determined by God's grace to live a better life. A few more struggles, and the spirit went to join the blood-washed throng. —L. B.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Dartmouth.—I did not think when I visited Father Bowden last Friday afternoon that it would be the last time I would have the privilege of speaking in him. I found him very weak, but he was proving as he neared the river that Jesus was near to guide him over his last journey.

Words: "Good-bye; if we do not meet down here again, we shall meet with the angels." Just after supper I was requested to visit father again, as he had had a stroke, and was thought to be dying. I found him unconscious, and he remained so until 4:15 the next morning, when God called him to his reward.

Our departed comrade was one of the Army's first converts in Dartmouth, and has been a faithful soldier. He was a firm believer in kneedrift, and always attended when not prevented by sickness.

We gave him a real Army funeral. The service was conducted at the barracks by Ensign Carter, assisted by Ensigns Collier and Andrews, Capt. Goodwin, Lieut. Holden, McKim and De Bow. The Halifax Brass Band attended in full force, and many soldiers and friends were present. Many hearts were touched as they gazed upon the remains of our departed comrade, and thoughts of the life he had lived for God and earth. We believe that many will step out of nature's darkness as a result of our comrade's life and death. —W. R. Carter, Ensign.

Victory During the Siege.

Windsor, N.S.—We are pleased to report victory. God is for us, and is more than all that can be against us. We are having good meetings, and while there are many other difficulties at present, we have good crowds. We are having good meetings and soldiers' meetings. We are in for victory during the Siege. —Cadet.

Doings in the E. O. P. Coming Events.

Major and Mrs. Turner at the French Corps—The New Chancellor has a Splendid Day at No. 1.

Since Major Turner's advent to the city of Montreal he has taken a lively interest in the French branch of the work, and quite frequently has conducted the week-end meetings at the French corps. A very profitable time was experienced last Sunday. Major Turner delivered a stirring Gospel address, and also sang a solo in French. By the way, the P. O. is making rapid strides as an authority on the language, declaring he could sing as good as a Frenchman.

Mrs. Turner and Capt. Reynolds added to the interest of the meeting by their efficient solo-singing and heart-to-heart talks. Ensign Cabrit, ably assisted by Cadet Esnout, has the corps well in hand, and much good is being accomplished.

The new Chancellor was welcomed by the comrades of No. 1, this being one of his old battlegrounds, he being stationed here ten years ago. The business meeting was a splendid treat. The Adjutant talked on the privileges of the people of God, and the great height which the saints could reach, and the great good which could be done, if people would only step in and claim what God had for them. Stirring testimonies were given by the comrades on the advantages of being wholly sanctified.

The afternoon meeting was a regular free-audience, led by the Chancellor. Capt. Owen read the Bible lesson, speaking about the importance of the blood, and the prominent part it played in the world's salvation.

The night meeting was one of the old-fashioned kind. In the testimony meeting, led by Capt. Owen, the comrades gave some heart-stirring testimonies. Ensign Habkirk soloed very effectively, "We shall all meet again." The Adjutant's address on the importance of using our gifts in the service of God impressed many, and the mighty truths uttered will ever live in the memories of the large audience present.

The Living Shadow Meeting.

A novel service was held in the No. 1 barracks. "The making and mending of a criminal." "The story of Dahn." "A scene from Shelter Life." was illustrated by living shadows brought to bear upon a canvas. Many practical lessons were derived from the meeting, and much credit is due to Ensign Habkirk, who engineered the same.

Clippings.

Another council will be held in the near future for the city officers at the Rescue House, also a special united soldiers' meeting at the No. 1 barracks.

Major Galt will shortly conduct special revival meetings at No. 11.

Ensign Parsons reports an interesting time at the "Old Canteen," and is full of faith, hope, and courage.

And thus the battle rages. We are pleased to note that the Province is in a flourishing condition, and souls are being saved and soldiers are being enrolled.

We are in urgent need of men and women who will rush to the front in the interests of a better world. Enthusiasm, soft-spot professors need not apply.

Major Turner is anxious to communicate with earnest young men and women who feel they should be officers. Apply to Provincial Headquarters, 128 St. Peter Street, Montreal.—Voila Tout.

LOANS.

FRIENDS and soldiers having money to loan are to be sent to the Salvation Army Bank, located at the intersection of St. James and St. Louis streets, on the corner of St. James and St. Louis streets. The bank is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. For further information apply to the bank.

The Red-Hot Revivalists, BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF. CAPT. MANTON

Brantford, Sat., March 1, to Mon., March 10.

Spiritual Specials.

MAJOR GALT

Will visit Pt. St. Charles, Sat., March 1, to March 10; Cornwall, Tues., March 11, to March 16; Morrisburg, Mon., and Tues., March 17 and 18.

STAFF-CAPTS. BURDITT AND MANTON AND CAPT. URQUHART

Will visit Hamilton 1, Tues., March 5, to Mon., March 17.

Staff-Captain Burditt and Captain Urquhart

Will visit Hespeler, Thurs., Feb. 20, to Tues., March 4.

Central Ontario Province.

HAND-BELL RINGERS.

Hamilton 1, March 1, 2, 3; Lippincott, March 8, 9, 10; Yorkville, March 11; Dovercourt, March 12; Huron St., March 13; Bowmanville, March 15, 16, 17; Oshawa, March 18, 19; Wainby, March 20; Port Perry, March 21; Lindsay, March 22, 23, 24; Kilmount, March 25; Norland, March 26; Cobocok, March 27; Kilmount, March 28; Fenelon Falls, March 29, 30, 31.

West Ontario Province.

THE WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE

Wallaceburg, Feb. 21 to March 3; Petrolia, March 4 to March 13; Sarnia, March 14 to March 24; Stratford, March 25 to April 3.

East Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER

Brockville, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Feb. 28, March 1, 2; Point St. Charles, Mon., and Tues., March 3, 4; Montreal 1, Thurs. and Fri., March 6, 7.

HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

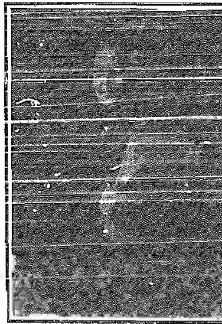
Will visit Brockville, Friday, Feb. 21, to Mon., March 3; Kemptville, Wed., March 5, to Mon., March 10; Prescott, Tues., March 11, to March 17.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

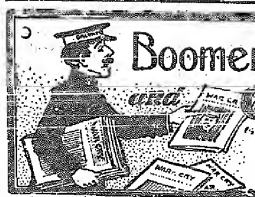
College Student: "Say, Professor, can't I get through with a shorter course than the usual one?"

Professor: "Certainly, it all depends on what you want in make of yourself. When God wanted to make an oak tree He took Him one hundred years, but He can make a squash in six months."

ONE OF OUR BOOMERS.



Sergt. Lizzie Welch, Burlington, Vt.



Boomer's Honor Roll

Competition Notes

The Eastern Province Holds the Poll—Nigger Takes Second Place—Cheer up, Ma—A Dead Heat and Prospects of a Future Struggle for the Mastery.

The Eastern holds its own easily, and deserves well at our hands.

And surely Nigger intends to keep ahead of Arab. Don't make any mistake, Major McMillan, you've got to get up early now in order to lead the procession.

The special mention list is Lieuts. Currie and Twistle (360), Lieut. March and Capt. Hawbold (225), and Capt. Hockin (200). Well done, all!

Now for the struggle of a lifetime! And between two of the grandest ever! Lieut. Currie of Hamilton, and Lieut. Twistle, of Halifax, have reached the 360 mark this week. We dare not look into the future. We must just possess our souls in patience and wait.

Would it be out of place to ask Major Turner to stir up Mag to greater efforts? The noble heart can do her self more credit than a 69 gait, though that isn't half bad.

Brigadier Southall's list has arrived all right. No delay this week. Isn't that nice?

I hope that remark about Corporals, in last week's notes, will have some good results. Time will tell.

Eastern Province.

102 Hustlers.

Lieut. Thistle, Halifax	350
Lieut. March, St. John I.	225
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth	225
G. P. T. Westville	150
P. S. M. Veleat, Halifax II.	150
Lieut. Lebaas, Charlottetown	149
Lieut. Clark, Sydney	130
Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	125
Lieut. Holden, Halifax II.	125
Capt. Smith, Truro	120
Cadet White, Eastport	110
Sergeant Landon, Glace Bay	100
St. Lard, Sydney	100
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	100
Sergeant McQueen, Moncton	100
Sergeant Fitch, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I.	90
Sergeant Chambers, Calais	90
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	80
Lieut. White, Digby	80
Mrs. Adj. Clifton, Charlottetown	75
Cadet Bruce, Amherst	75
Sergeant Rowe, Fredericton	75
Capt. Clark, Fredericton	75
Cadet Newell, Carleton	75
Lieut. Vandine, Sydney Mines	70
Do. Reid, St. John I.	70
Cadet Cavendish, Campbellton	70
Capt. Prince, St. George's	70
Ensign Allen, Woodstock	70
Capt. White, Sackville	65
Ensign Sabine, Somerset	60
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60
Lieut. McDonald, St. Stephen	60
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	60
Capt. Forsay, Liverpool	55
Cadet Lodge, Liverpool	55
Cadet Rudland, Houlton	55
Lieut. Tuttle, Millbrook	55
Lieut. H. White, Yarmouth	55
Sergeant Peckwood, St. George's	50
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisbourg	50
Lieut. W. Rider, St. John I.	50
Father Armstrong, St. John II.	50
Lieut. Murrough, Newcastle	50
Lieut. Nickerson, Antigonish	50
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	50
J. Ford, New Glasgow	50
P. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Pemberton, New Glasgow	50
Sergeant Burns, Somerset	45
Capt. Bayne, Antigonish	45
Lieut. Kossuth, Antigonish	45

Cadet Conrad, Stellarton	44
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	43
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	40
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	40
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	40
Lieut. Munroe, Lunenburg	40
Mrs. Rea, Glace Bay	40
Capt. Armstrong, Fairville	32
Lieut. Murrough, Kentville	30
Sergeant Virgil, Southampton	30
Sergeant Kelley, St. George's	30
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	22
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	30
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	30
Lieut. DeBow, Halifax I.	30
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	30
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	30
Sergeant McDowd, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Graves, Clark's Harbor	30
P. S. M. Lovely, Parrashore	27
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III.	25
Lieut. Hamilton, Fairville	25
Mrs. Young, Lunenburg	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	25
Cadet Crossman, Glace Bay	25
Sergeant Crane, Glace Bay	25
Sergeant Dinnie, Glace Bay	25
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	25
Lieut. Wood, Bear River	22
Capt. Green, Bear River	22
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	22
P. S. M. McLachern, St. John III.	20
Lieut. Fraser, North Head	20
Lieut. Weekley, Sackville	20
Susie Bishop, Parrashore	20
S. M. Kent, Bear River	20
Sergeant Douglas, Calais	20
Capt. Lowley, Campbellton	20
Lieut. McKim, Halifax IV	20
Cadet Ogilvie, St. John V	20
Capt. Lamont, St. John V	20
Adj. Byers, Moncton	20
Lieut. Fewson, Moncton	20
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	20
Cadet Melvor, Louisbourg	20
Lieut. Richards, Bridgetown	20

Central Ontario Province.

92 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currie, Hamilton II.	40
Sergeant Bowman, Temple	102
P. S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	100
Capt. Wilson, Dundas	93
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	90
Cadet Greenslade, Lippincott	88
Sgt. Dowell, Temple	80
Ensign Slagters, Owen Sound	80
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	62
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	62
P. S. M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	60
Mrs. Adj. Putrows, Barrie	60
Adj. Huntville	60
Capt. Rose, Orillia	55
Capt. Culbert, Owen Sound	55
Bro. Moffit, Riverside	52
Sergeant Mrs. Travis, Newmarket	51
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	50
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	50
Mrs. LeCoeq, Hamilton II.	50
Adj. Walker, St. Catharines	50
Lieut. Pencock, Brantford	50
Lieut. Porter, ...	50
Capt. Green, North Bay	45
Capt. Marshall, Oshawa	42
Maud Slater, Fenton Falls	42
Lieut. Welby, Orangeville	41
Capt. Chink, Sudbury	40
Mrs. Adj. Sims, Lisgar St.	40
Lieut. Smith, Orillia	40
Capt. Stollner, Riverside	40
Cadet Courtmanche, Lippincott	39
Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	38
Lieut. Jago, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	36
S. M. Winter, Orillia	36
Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Sheppard, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Meender, Barrie Falls	35
Sergeant Richards, Temple	35
Ensign Brant, Oshawa	35
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	35
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	33
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	33
Sergeant Mrs. Bro, Parry Sound	30
Lieut. Marshall, Hamilton	30
Lieut. Coy, Hamilton	30
Tillie Gee, Hamilton II	30
Sister Palmer, Orillia	30
Ensign Lott, North Bay	29
Capt. Brooks, Owen Sound	28
Lieut. Eickhoff, Owen Sound	27
Capt. Pattenden, Uxbridge	27

Lieut. Hudgin, Uxbridge	27
Adj. Burrows, Barrie	26
Lieut. Porter, Fenton Falls	26
Sergeant Mrs. Walte, Barrie	26
Lieut. Greavett, Aurora	25
Capt. McEneaney, Aurora	25
Lieut. Qualie, Huron St.	25
Lieut. Langridge, Fergusham	25
Capt. Garvander, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	25
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	25
Mrs. J. Munroe, Collingwood	25
C. C. Gerow, Barrie Falls	25
Cadet Bradley, Temple	25
Cadet Matthews, Temple	25
Father Dixon, Temple	25
Capt. Rennie, Bracebridge	23
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	23
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	23
Adj. Sims, Lisgar St.	23
Bro. J. Carr, Huron St.	21
P. S. M. Studden, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Debb, Bracebridge	20
Ensign Smith, Fergusham	20
C. C. Courtmanche, Norland	20
Capt. Meeks, Kincardine	20
Sergeant Small, St. Catharines	20
Harry Walker, St. Catharines	20
Bro. Helson, Lindsay	20
Capt. Wadge, Lindsay	20
Adj. Sims, Lisgar St.	20
Sergeant Phillips, Lisgar St.	20
S. M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	20
Maud Rogers, Hamilton I.	20

West Ontario Province.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London	205
Capt. Maitland, Guelph	185
Capt. Huffman, Woodstock	150
Capt. Groombridge, Brantford	150
Capt. Sitzer, Stratford	100
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Leamington	100
Adj. Cameron, Brantford	100
Goodie, Galt	90
P. S. M. Dixon, St. Thomas	90
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Windsor	90
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	85
Capt. Pye, Goderich	80
Capt. Carr, Sandwich	80
Lieut. Cook, Stratford	75
Sister Thompson, Woodstock	75
Capt. Williams, Clinton	75
Lieut. West, Windsor	75
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	70
Capt. Barker, Bathurst	70
Ensign Halsey, Simcoe	70
Sergeant Bryson, Petrolia	70
Ensign Helman, Petrolia	60
Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Chatham	60
Mrs. Sec. Kerwell, London	57
Mrs. Ensign Huntington, Ridgetown	55
Capt. Patenden, Wallaceburg	55
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	52
Sgt. Dowell, Temple	50
Mrs. Adj. McMillan, London	50
Sister McQueen, Goderich	50
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50
Lieut. Crafts, Tilsonburg	50
Capt. Fisher, Stratford	47
Lieut. Yeoman, Scarboro	45
Capt. Gibson, Wingham	45
P. S. M. Glover, Dresden	45
Capt. Hurwood, Tilsonburg	45
S. M. Thompson, Listowel	45
Capt. McKillop, Petrolia	45
Adj. McMillan, London	42
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Barrie	40
Capt. White, Ingersoll	40
Ensign Howcroft, St. Thomas	40
Lieut. Smith, Chatham	40
Nettie Gordon, Paris	35
Minnie Brydon, Windsor	35
Lieut. Murray, Theford	35
Capt. Bonny, Norwich	35
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	35
Capt. Young, Watford	32
Nettie Langley, St. Thomas	31
Capt. Greenwood, Blenheim	31
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	31
Sister Christener, Petrolia	30
Lieut. Pappeler, Brantford	30
Sergeant Fred Palmer, London	30
Ensign Huntington, Ridgetown	30
Isa Groom, Blenheim	28
Mrs. Howlett, Bessborough	28
Lieut. Hockin, London	28
Isa Robinson, Windsor	28
Mrs. Strowbridge, Ingersoll	25
Mrs. Capt. White, Ingersoll	25
Maggie Chatterton, Brantford	25
Mrs. Capt. White, Brantford	25
Father Cooper, Brantford	25
Lieut. Close, Goderich	25
Dad Christner, Dresden	25
Sergeant E. H. Dresden	25
Mrs. Ferguson, Drayton	25
Bro. Schuster, Berlin	25
Mother Cutting, Essex	25
P. R. Auld, Wingham	22
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	22
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20

S. M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Ma/ Pettit, Berlin	20
Lieut. McGill, Berlin	20
Lieut. Allen, Berlin	20
Capt. Harman, Drayton	20
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	20
Nettie Turnbull, Paris	20
Sister Lamb, Brantford	20
Sister Lamb, Stratford	20
Lieut. Anderson, Wingham	20
Grace Cooper, Guelph	20

East Ontario Province.

69 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	170
Mrs. Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	125
Sergeant Walsh, Burlington	125
Lieut. Duncan, Pembroke	100
Lieut. Owen, Brockville	100
Lieut. Lowrie, Port Hope	56
Lieut. Gates, Nepean	56
Mrs. Rayne, Nepean	56
Capt. Wilson, Trenton	54
Capt. Thompson, Newport	50
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal	50
Lieut. Granger, Ottawa	50
Capt. Mrs. Geo. Ottawa	50
Capt. Crego, Gaaanquo	50
Ensign Comstock, Belleville	50
Capt. LeDrew, Quebec	50
Lieut. Hoole, St. Albans	50
Sergeant Moore, Montreal	50
Adj. McNamara, Kingston	75
Capt. Green, Deseronto	75
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	75
Mrs. Adj. Cave, Barrie	68
Adj. Moore, Peterboro	68
Sergeant MacGill, Montreal	68
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	68
Capt. Patterson, Peterboro	68
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	55
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	53
Mrs. A. J. Kendall, Ottawa	50
Capt. Vanover, Belleville	50
Mrs. Hippert, Montreal	50
Cadet Carpenter, Ogdensburg	45
Sergeant Thompson, Belleville	45
Mrs. Darber, Kingston	45
Mrs. Capt. Bulson, Campbellford	40
Sergeant Vanover, Belleville	40
Cadet Body, Cobourg	75
Mrs. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	40
Cadet-Lieut. Soward, Kempliville	40
Mrs. Barlow, a recruit	40
Capt. Barger, Campbellville	36
Capt. Fisher, Campbellville	35
Sergeant Buro, Belleville	35
Capt. Crego, St. Johnsbury	35
Capt. Liddell, Arnprior	35
Lieut. Bryan, Arnprior	35
Bro. Fitch, Belleville	34
Mrs. Ensign Norman, Tweed	30
Sergeant Moon, Tweed	30
Lieut. Bushey, Millbrook	30
Lieut. Holliday, Quebec	30
Ma/ Murray, Barrie	25
P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal II	25
Sergeant Garayot, Montreal I.	25
Sergeant Wright, Montreal I.	25
Sergeant Henderson, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
John Walker, Kingston	25
Lea Allen, Kingston	25
Father Duquet, Trenton	20
Sister Russell, Millbrook	20
Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg	20
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Capt. Webb, Carberry	20
Mrs. Dawson, Ticon	20
Maud Connors, Odessa	20
Violet Cornell, Belleville	20
Capt. Edwards, Quebec	20

North-West Province.

52 Hustlers.

Sister M. Livermore, Winnipeg	162
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	131
Sergeant Taylor, Winnipeg	121
Lieut. Shorrie, Rat Portage	116
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	110
Cap. Brander, Carberry	94
Lieut. Brinkley, Jamestown	81
Lieut. Pappeler, Brandon	77
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary	75
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	65
Cadet Miller, Grand Forks	65
Bro. McCurdy, Fargo	60
Capt. Cook, Souris	60
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Portage la	60

Prussia.

Capt. Moore, Fort William	60
Capt. Gerrard, Fort Arthur	55
Capt. Scott, Regina	55
Lieut. Gault, Carberry	55
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	50
Mrs. Ensign Wynu, Brandon	48
Lieut. Irwin, Moosemule	48
Capt. Barrager, Grafton	48
Lieut. Macaren, Moorhead	48
Capt. Stichter, Dauphin	48
Cadet-Lieut. Mincar, Minot	48
Capt. Pearce, Moorhead	48
Capt. Byers, Moorhead	48
Capt. Livingstone, Neepawa	48
Capt. McKay, Fargo	48

CHAPTER XXVII.

For relief of headache due to excess of blood in the brain, cold applications may be made to the head by means of icebags, cloths wet with cold water, or the simple application of cold water to the head by means of a sponge or the hand. The hair should be well moistened, so that the cold water will come in contact with the scalp. The applications must be made continuously, otherwise the effect of the cold will be to increase rather than diminish the amount of

fermentation, and thus caused acute catarrh of the stomach. In both cases, prevention is better than cure. For sick headache, stop overloading the stomach and eating improper food. For nervous headache, begin treatment as soon as you feel it coming on. Go to bed; shut yourself up in a dark room; drink plenty of hot water; keep yourself perfectly quiet and calm, letting nothing come near to disturb you. In a little while the impending attack will pass away.

Montreal, P.Q.

Kindly refer to the above for Trade matters if you
are situated in any of these Provinces.

T is very important that officers do not send photographs or children to any of our Women's Social Justice League branches making previous arrangements to obtain them. We are now receiving many such photographs as we have been put to a serious inconvenience in this way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, we respectfully request officers and others to write us personally.

Agents at the following locations:

Boston.....Miss C. M. Read, c/o James and Albert St.
London.....Adjutant McClellan, Riverview Ave., London E.C.
New York.....Adjutant Rogers, 50 Rte. James Street
Philadelphia.....Adjutant Rogers, 50 Rte. James Street
Richmond.....Adjutant Langtry, and Young Street
St. Louis.....Adjutant Winkler, 72 Windsor Street
Washington.....Adjutant Winkler, 72 Windsor Street
Chicago.....Adjutant Ward, 216 Oak Avenue
Cleveland.....Adjutant Ward, 216 Oak Avenue
Detroit.....Adjutant Ward, 216 Oak Avenue
Hartford.....Adjutant Ward, 216 Oak Avenue
Boston, Mass.....Capt. Holt, c/o Paul Street
Spokane.....Staff Capt. Jock, 70 Chandler Street

way. We gladly help all who need us, but to avoid the possibility of any disappointment on the part of applicants, we have decided to require the following from them to write us personally. Addressed to the following:

1. Lt. Col. Mrs. Read, cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.
2. Adjutant McMillan, 1147 Avenue A, London, Ont.
3. Adjutant Holmes, 86 W. James Street, Toronto.
4. Adjutant MacLennan, 100 W. James Street, Toronto.
5. Adjutant Leggett, 216 W. James Street, Toronto.
6. Adjutant Kerr, 37 Windsor Street, Toronto.
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100. Adjutant Kerr, 37 Windsor Street, Toronto.

THE COMMITTEE will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, clothing, or materials for the purchase of the Red Cross Hosiery. Parcels should be addressed (specify to what service) to:

The Exchange House for Children, 65 Maple Ave., Toronto
The Industrial Home, 45 Yonge St., Toronto
The Ladies' Welfare Society, 14 Adams St., Toronto
Fort Hope
The Homeless, 21 St. James St., St. John, N.S.
La Paroisse, 100 Ave. Arthur, Montreal, P.Q.
Fort Niagara, 100 Ave. Arthur, Montreal, P.Q.
The Bridge, 111 Dundas St. E., Toronto, Ont.
St. Louis, 100 Ave. Arthur, Montreal, P.Q.
Redemption House, 31 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
Hope House, 20 Adelaide St., Hamilton, Ont.
St. Andrew's Home, 100 Ave. Arthur, St. Catharines, Ont.
U.S.A.
Liberty House, 100 Chandler, 71 Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
Mersey Home, 100 Fanny St., Vancouver, B.C.
Seaside Hall, 1000 W. 10th St., Vancouver, B.C.
St. Margaret's, 1000 W. 10th St., Vancouver, B.C.



A CALL FOR WORKERS.

By A. A. WHITEKER.

Tune.—Throw out the life-line.

1 Send out the message, the message of love,
Message from Jesus, who came from above;
Suffered and agonized, died on the tree,
Shed His life's blood that the world might go free.

Chorus.

Send out the message, send out the message,
Sound it wherever you go;
Send out the message, send out the message,
The blood cleanses whiter than snow.

Send out the message, and make it quite plain,
Tell of the blood of the Lamb that was slain;
To save us from sin, and to help us each day
To live pure and holy in God's only way.

Send out the message; 'tis Jesus' command;
Go, then, and boldly for Him take your stand;
Go, take the message wherever the wills,
Down in sin's valley, or over its hills.

Send out the message, and make no delay,
Banners are flying, and passing away,
Soon they'll be out of the reach of your word,
Banished for ever from hope and from God.

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST!

Tune.—The wounds of Christ are open (B.J. 283).

2 So tired of my trying, to Thee, Lord, I'm flying,
Behind me I'm leaving the past with its shame;
On Thee I am calling, at Thy feet I'm falling,
My heart would despair, but I hope in Thy name.

Chorus.

Lord, as I am I'm coming,
Sloop to meet me in Thy grace;
Lord, as I am I'm coming,
Let me see Thy face.

I've heard of the river that flows on for ever,
I've heard of Thy patience, I've heard of Thy power;
I know Thou art willing, Thy promise fulfilling,
To take even me, and to cleanse me this hour.

Dear Lord, I surrender, Thy love is so tender,
To Thy pierced feet all my failures I bring;
Oh, heal me and bless me; come in and possess me,
I crown Thee for ever my Saviour and King. H. T.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Tune.—Are you washed? (B.B. 46).

3 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Chorus.

Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless, are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Do you rest each moment in the Crucifix?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

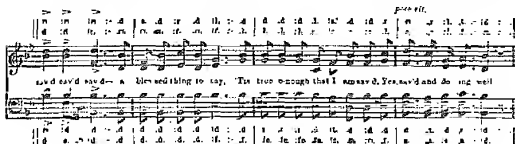
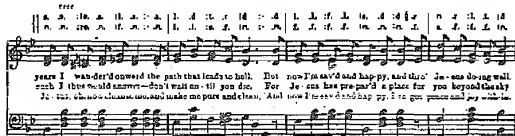
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Lay aside your garments that are stained with sin,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean;
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

OH, I AM SAVED!

JUST THE SOLO FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.



The above is selected from the Musical Salvationist, a monthly magazine issued by the Salvation Army, being full of original songs, which can be obtained from the Trade Secretary; single copies ten cents each or one dollar per annum.

COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH

WILL VISIT

Bracebridge Sunday, March 9th
Barrie, "Miss Booth in Rags" Monday, March 10th

THE PATH IS VERY NARROW.

(Printed by request.)

4 Straight is the way, and often very thorny,
Oft it is dark and I can scarcely see;
Yet I press on, for Christ has gone before me,
And in His footsteps there's safety for me.

Chorus.

The path is very narrow, but I'll follow,
I'll follow, I'll follow;
The path is very narrow, but I'll follow,
I will follow in the footsteps of my Lord.

Up rugged paths so narrow—full of danger,
Nought that's unclean can safely journey there;
All like to sin we from our hearts must sever,
Then in His footsteps we'll walk and not fear.

Many I've seen who would not tread this pathway,
Choosing instead the flowery ways of sin;
When it was sleep they passed into some by-way,
But while He leads me I will follow on.

On, on I go, I hear the Master calling,
He's just before, He's beckoning me on;

When I am torn He binds the wounds up for me,
Soon 'twill be o'er, the journey is not long.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(By request.)

Tune.—Onward, Christian soldiers

5 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.

Chorus.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

At the name of Jesus
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body, we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones shall perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, praise, and honor,
Unto Christ, our King,
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

A BEAUTIFUL SOLO.

This, if you learn the words by heart, and sing along the tune correctly, will make you a beautiful solo. Never sing it without first, in your heart, asking God to bless it to some weary backslider who listens to you. But for this to be possible you must say your words plainly and with feeling.

Tune.—I'll take you home again, Kathleen.

6 He'll take you to His fold again,
Poor sinner, though you far have strayed;
No longer in your sins remain,
For One your heavy debt has paid.
Thy Saviour, who has loved thee so,
And left His all for thee to die,
His blood will wash you white as snow,
If to His loving arms you'll fly.

Chorus.

He'll take you to His fold again,
And wash your heart from every stain;
And, though you may be grieving sore,
He'll take you to His fold again.

Before you let your love grow cold,
Your heart was always fond and true;
You sought to bring the lost to Him,
Who now is yearning ever for you.
He went to see you leave the path,
Wherein you once did run so well;
A loving welcome now He'll give,
If you with Him will come to dwell.

The Spirit gently strives to win
An entrance to your weary heart;
Oh, stay no longer in your sin,
For soon His Spirit may depart.
Soon death will call thee, and they'll lay
Thy cold, cold form beneath the sod;
Oh, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
And make thy soul at peace with God!



18th Year.



The only way.